

GREENFIELD HILL:

A
P O E M,

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S E V E N P A R T S.

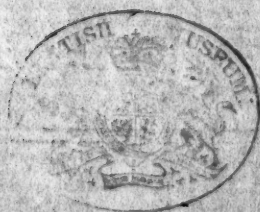
- I. THE PROSPECT.
- II. THE FLOURISHING VILLAGE.
- III. THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD.
- IV. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PEQUODS.
- V. THE CLERGYMAN'S ADVICE TO THE VILLAGERS.
- VI. THE FARMER'S ADVICE TO THE VILLAGERS.
- VII. THE VISION, OR PROSPECT OF THE FUTURE
HAPPINESS OF AMERICA.

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

NEW-YORK:—PRINTED BY CHILDS AND SWAINE.

1794.

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Ex Libris
Dum Lin²
To JOHN ADAMS, Esquire,

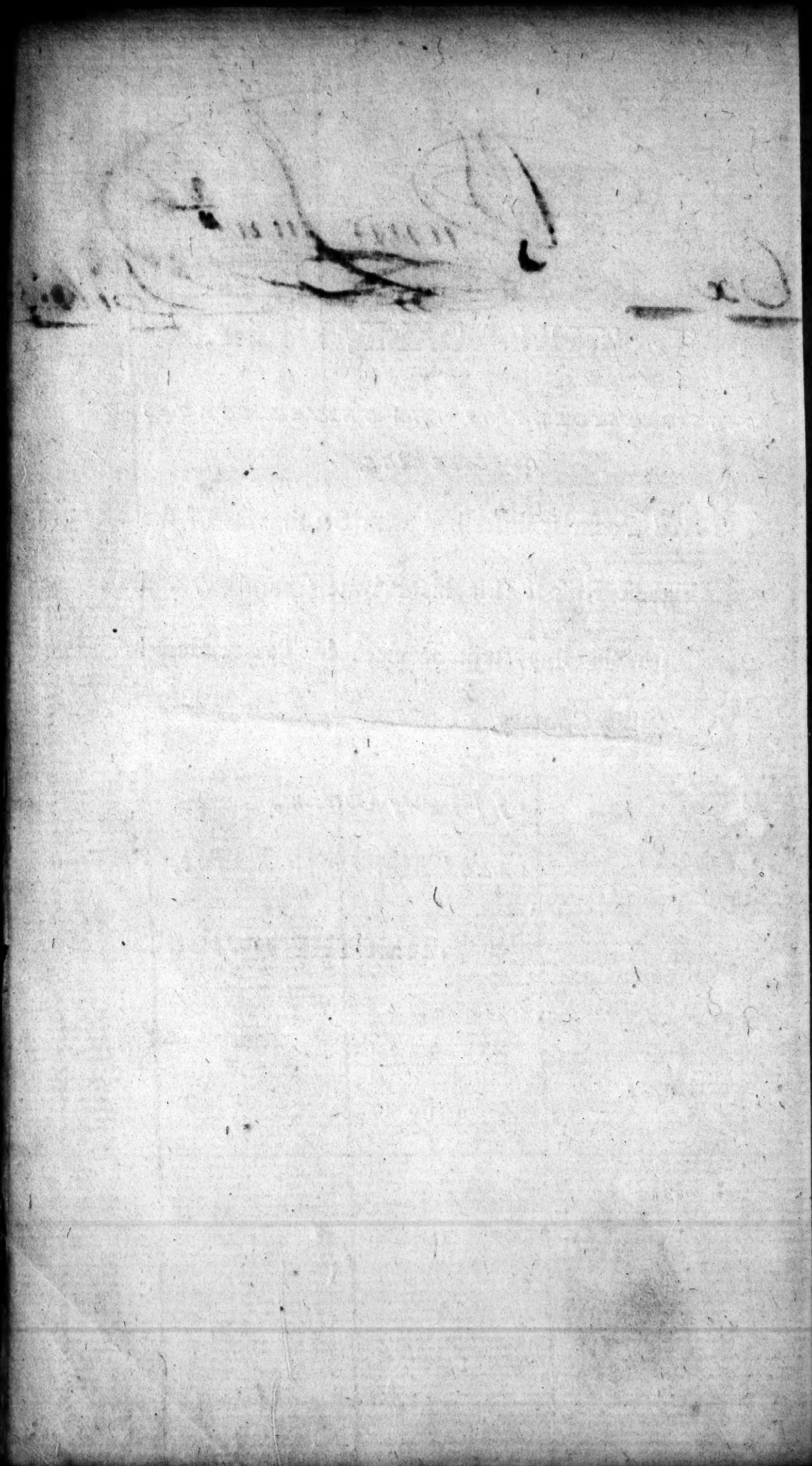
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA,

THIS Poem is inscribed with Sentiments of the
highest Respect for his Private Character, and
for the important Services he has rendered
his Country,

By his very Obedient,

And Most humble Servant,

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.



THE INTRODUCTION.

IN the Parish of Greenfield, in the Town of Fairfield, in Connecticut, there is a pleasant and beautiful eminence, called Greenfield Hill; at the distance of three miles from Long-Island Sound. On this eminence, there is a small but handsome Village, a Church, Academy, &c. all of them alluded to in the following Poem. From the highest part of the eminence, the eye is presented with an extensive and delightful prospect of the surrounding Country, and of the Sound. On this height, the Writer is supposed to stand. The First object, there offering itself to his view, is the Landscape; which is accordingly made the governing subject of the First Part of the Poem. The flourishing and happy condition of the Inhabitants very naturally suggested itself next; and became of course, the subject of the Second Part. The Town of Fairfield, lying in full view, and, not long before the Poem was begun, and in a great measure written out, burnt by a party of British Troops, under the command of Governor Tryon, furnished the theme of the Third Part. A Field, called the

Pequod Swamp, in which, most of the warriors of that nation, who survived the invasion of their country by Capt. Mason, were destroyed, lying about three miles from the eminence abovementioned, and on the margin of the Sound, suggested not unnaturally, the subject of the Fourth Part.

As the writer is the Minister of Greenfield, he cannot be supposed to be uninterested in the welfare of his Parishioners. To excite their attention to the truths and duties of Religion (an object in such a situation, instinctively rising to his view,) is the design of the Fifth Part; And to promote in them just sentiments and useful conduct, for the present life, (an object closely connected with the preceding one) of the Sixth.

Many of the subjects, mentioned in the Poem, and suggested by the general state of this Country, easily led a contemplative mind to look forward, and call up to view its probable situation at a distant approaching period. The solid foundations, which appear to be laid for the future greatness and prosperity of the American Republic, offered very pleasing views of this subject to a Poet; and of these the writer has, in the Seventh Part of the Work, endeavoured to avail himself.

To contribute to the innocent amusement of his countrymen, and to their improvement in manners, and in æconomical, political, and moral sentiments, is

INTRODUCTION.

7

the object which the writer wishes to accomplish. As he is firmly persuaded, that his countrymen are furnished by Providence with as extensive and advantageous means of prosperity, as the world has hitherto seen, so he thinks it the duty and the interest of every citizen, to promote it, by all the means in his power. Poetry appears to him to be one, among the probable means of advancing this purpose. "Allow me to make the Songs of a nation," said a wise man, "and who will may make their Laws." Poetry may not, perhaps, produce greater effects in promoting the prosperity of mankind, than philosophy;* but the effects which it produces, are far from being small. Where truth requires little illustration, and only needs to be set in a strong and affecting light, Poetry appears to be as advantageous an instrument of making useful impressions, as can be easily conceived. It will be read by many persons, who would scarcely look at a logical discussion; by most readers it will be more deeply felt, and more lastingly remembered; and, to say the least, it will, in the present case, be an unusual, and for that reason may be a forcible method of treating several subjects, handled in this Poem.

When the writer began the work, he had no design of publishing it; aiming merely to amuse his own mind, and to gain a temporary relief from the

* See Lowth's Lectures on Heb. Po.

pressure of melancholy. Hence it was dropped, at an early period; when other avocations, or amusements presented themselves. The greater part of it was written seven years ago. Additions have been made to it, at different periods, from that time to the present—This will account for the dates of several things mentioned in it, which would otherwise seem to be improperly connected.

Originally the writer designed to imitate, in the several parts, the manner of as many British Poets; but finding himself too much occupied, when he projected the publication, to pursue that design, he relinquished it. The little appearance of such a design, still remaining, was the result of distant and general recollection. Much, of that nature, he has rejected, and all he would have rejected, had not even that rejection demanded more time than he could afford for such a purpose. These facts will, he hopes, apologize to the reader, for the mixed manner which he may, at times, observe in the performance.

Greenfield, June 13th, 1794.

GREENFIELD HILL:

A

P O E M.

THE ARGUMENT.

SPRING—General Prospect—View of the Inland Country—Of the beauty of Vegetation at the time of Harvest—Of the happy state of the Inhabitants—Men esteemed in New-England according to their personal qualities—State of New-England—Connecticut—State of Society in Europe contrasted to that of New-England—People of New-England exhorted not to copy the Government, Manners, &c. of other nations—Remembrance of the late Councils and Armies of the United States—Prospect of the Country between Greenfield Hill and the Sound—Description of the Sound—Retrospect of the troubles occasioned by the British Marauding Parties—Wish for perpetual Peace—Beauty of the Scenes of Nature—Happiness of a Clergyman in the Country—Address to the Clergy.

GREENFIELD HILL.

PART I.

THE PROSPECT.

FROM southern isles, on winds of gentlest wing,
Sprinkled with morning dew, and rob'd in green,
Life in her eye, and music in her voice,
Lo Spring returns, and wakes the world to joy !
Forth creep the smiling herbs ; expand the flowers ; 5
New-loos'd, and bursting from their icy bonds,
The streams fresh-warble, and through every mead
Convey reviving verdure ; every bough,
Full-blown and lovely, teems with sweets and songs ;
And hills, and plains, and pastures feel the prime. 10

As round me here I gaze, what prospects rise ?
Etherial ! matchless ! such as Albion's fons,
Could Albion's isle an equal prospect boast,
In all the harmony of numerous song,
Had tun'd to rapture, and o'er Cooper's hill, 15
And Windsor's beauteous forest, high uprais'd,
And sent on fame's light wing to every clime.
Far inland, blended groves, and azure hills,
Skirting the broad horizon, lift their pride.
Beyond, a little chasm to view unfolds 20
Cerulean mountains, verging high on Heaven,
In misty grandeur. Stretch'd in nearer view,
Unnumber'd farms salute the cheerful eye ;
Contracted there to little gardens ; here outspread

Spacious, with pastures, fields, and meadows rich; 25
 Where the young wheat it's glowing green displays,
 Or the dark soil bespeaks the recent plough,
 Or flocks and herds along the lawn disport.

Fair is the landscape; but a fairer still 30
 Shall soon enchant the soul—when harvest full
 Waves wide its bending wealth. Delightful task!
 To trace along the rich, enamell'd ground,
 The sweetly varied hues; from India's corn,
 Whose black'ning verdure bodes a bounteous crop,
 Through lighter grass, and lighter still the flax, 35
 The paler oats, the yellowish barley, wheat
 In golden glow, and rye in brighter gold.
 These soon the sight shall bless. Now other scenes
 The heart dilate, where round, in rural pride
 The village spreads its tidy, snug retreats, 40
 That speak the industry of every hand.

How bless'd the sight of such a numerous train
 In such small limits, tasting every good
 Of competence, of independence, peace,
 And liberty unmingled; every house 45
 On its own ground, and every happy swain
 Beholding no superior, but the laws,
 And such as virtue, knowledge, useful life,
 And zeal, exerted for the public good,
 Have rais'd above the throng. For here, in truth, 50
 Not in pretence, man is esteem'd as man.
 Not here how rich, of what peculiar blood,
 Or office high; but of what genuine worth,
 What talents bright and useful, what good deeds,
 What piety to God, what love to man, 55
 The question is. To this an answer fair
 The general heart secures. Full many a rich,
 Vile knave, full many a blockhead, proud
 Of ancient blood, these eyes have seen float down

Life's dirty kennel, trampled in the mud, 60
 Stepp'd o'er unheeded, or push'd rudely on;
 While Merit, rising from her humble skiff
 To barks of nobler, and still nobler size,
 Sail'd down the expanding stream, in triumph gay,
 By every ship saluted. 65

Hail, O hail
 My much-lov'd native land! New Albion hail!
 The happiest realm, that, round his circling course,
 The all-searching sun beholds. What though the breath
 Of Zembla's winter shuts thy lucid streams, 70
 And hardens into brass thy generous soil;
 Though, with one white, and cheerless robe, thy hills,
 Invested, rise a long and joyless waste;
 Leafless the grove, and dumb the lonely spray,
 And every pasture mute: What though with clear 75
 And fervid blaze, thy summer rolls his car,
 And drives the languid herd, and fainting flock
 To seek the shrouding umbrage of the dale;
 While Man, relax'd and feeble, anxious waits
 The dewy eve, to flake his thirsty frame: 80
 What though thy surface, rocky, rough, and rude,
 Scoop'd into vales, or heav'd in lofty hills,
 Or cloud-embosom'd mountains, dares the plough,
 And threatens toil intense to every swain:
 What though foul Calumny, with voice malign, 85
 Thy generous sons, with every virtue grac'd,
 Accus'd of every crime, and still rolls down
 The kennell'd stream of impudent abuse:
 Yet to high HEAVEN my ardent praises rise,
 That in thy lightsome vales he gave me birth, 90
 All-gracious, and allows me still to live.

Cold is thy clime, but every western blast
 Brings health, and life, and vigour on his wings;
 Innerves the steely frame, and firms the soul

With strength and hardihood ; wakes each bold 95
 And manly purpose ; bears above the ills,
 That stretch, upon the rack, the languid heart
 Of summer's maiden sons, in pleasure's lap,
 Dandled to dull repose. Exertion strong
 Marks their whole life. Mountains before them sink 100
 To mole-hills ; oceans bar their course in vain.
 Thro' the keen wintry wind they breast their way,
 Or summer's fiercest flame. Dread dangers rouse
 Their hearts to pleasing conflict ; toils and woes,
 Quicken their ardour : while, in milder climes, 105
 Their peers effeminate they see, with scorn
 On lazy plains, dissolv'd in putrid sloth,
 And struggling hard for being. Thy rough soil
 Tempts hardy labour, with his sturdy team,
 To turn, with sinewy hand, the stony glebe, 110
 And call forth every comfort from the mould,
 Unpromising, but kind. Thy houses, barns,
 Thy granaries, and thy cellars, hence are stor'd
 With all the sweets of life : while, thro' thy realm,
 A native beggar rarely pains the sight. 115

Thy summer glows with heat ; but choicest fruits
 Hence purple in the sun ; hence sparkling flowers
 Gem the rich landscape ; double harvests hence
 Load the full fields : pale Famine scowls aloof,
 And Plenty wantons round thy varied year. 120

Rough is thy surface ; but each landscape bright,
 With all of beauty, all of grandeur dress'd,
 Of mountains, hills, and sweetly winding vales,
 Of forests, groves, and lawns, and meadows green,
 And waters, varied by the plastic hand, 125
 Through all their fairy splendour, ceaseless charms,
 Poetic eyes. Springs bubbling round the year,
 Gay-wand'ring brooks, wells at the surface full,
 Yield life, and health, and joy, to every house,

And every vivid field. Rivers, with foamy course, 130
 Pour o'er the ragged cliff the white cascade,
 And roll unnumber'd mills; or, like the Nile,
 Fatten the beauteous interval; or bear
 The sails of commerce through the laughing groves.

With wisdom, virtue, and the generous love 135
 Of learning, fraught, and freedom's living flame,
 Electric, unextinguishable, fir'd,
 Our Sires established, in thy cheerful bounds,
 The noblest institutions, man has seen,
 Since time his reign began. In little farms 140
 They measur'd all thy realms, to every child
 In equal shares descending; no entail
 The first-born lifting into bloated pomp,
 Tainting with lust, and sloth, and pride, and rage,
 The world around him: all the race beside, 145
 Like brood of ostrich, left for chance to rear,
 And every foot to trample. Reason's sway
 Elective, founded on the rock of truth,
 Wisdom their guide, and equal good their end,
 They built with strength, that mocks the battering storm, 150
 And spurns the mining flood; and every right
 Dispens'd alike to all. Beneath their eye,
 And forming hand, in every hamlet, rose
 The nurturing school; in every village, smil'd
 The heav'n-inviting church, and every town 155
 A world within itself, with order, peace,
 And harmony, adjusted all its weal.

Hence every swain, free, happy, his own lord,
 With useful knowledge fraught, of business, laws,
 Morals, religion, life, unaw'd by man, 160
 And doing all, but ill, his heart can wish,
 Looks round, and finds strange happiness his own;
 And sees that happiness on laws depend.
 On this heav'n-laid foundation rests thy sway;

On knowledge to discern, and sense to feel, 165
 That free-born rule is life's perennial spring
 Of real good. On this alone it rests.
 For, could thy sons a full conviction feel,
 That government was noxious, without arms,
 Without intrigues, without a civil broil, 170
 As torrents sweep the sand-built structure down,
 A vote would wipe it's very trace away.
 Hence too each breast is steel'd for bold defence;
 For each has much to lose. Chosen by all,
 The messenger of peace, by all belov'd, 175
 Spreads, hence, the truth and virtue, he commands.
 Hence manners mild, and sweet, their peaceful sway
 Widely extend. Refinement of the heart
 Illumes the general mass. Even those rude hills,
 Those deep embow'ring woods, in other lands 180
 Prowl'd round by savages, the same soft scenes,
 Mild manners, order, virtue, peace, disclose;
 The howling forest polish'd as the plain.

From earliest years, the same enlightened soul
 Founded bright schools of science. Here the mind 185
 Learn'd to expand it's wing, and stretch it's flight
 Through truth's broad fields. Divines, and lawyers, hence,
 Physicians, statesmen, all with wisdom fraught,
 And learning, suited to the use of life,
 And minds, by business, sharpen'd into sense, 190
 Sagacious of the duty, and the weal,
 Of man, spring numberless; and knowledge hence
 Pours it's salubrious streams, through all the spheres
 Of human life. Its bounds, and generous scope,
 Hence Education opens, spreading far 195
 Through the bold yeomanry, that fill thy climes,
 Views more expanded, generous, just, refin'd,
 Than other nations know. In other lands,
 The mass of man, scarce rais'd above the brutes,

Drags dull the horse-mill round of sluggish life : 200
 Nought known, beyond their daily toil ; all else
 By ignorance' dark curtain hid from sight.
 Here, glorious contrast ! every mind, inspir'd
 With active inquisition, restless wings
 Its flight to every flower, and, settling, drinks 205
 Largely the sweets of knowledge.

Candour, say,

Is this a state of life, thy honest tongue
 Could blacken ? These a race of men, thy page
 Could hand to infamy ? The shameful task 210
 Thy foes at first began, and still thy foes,
 Laborious, weave the web of lies. 'Tis hence
 The generous traveller round him looks, amaz'd,
 And wonders at our unexpected bliss.

But chief, Connecticut ! on thy fair breast 215
 These splendours glow. A rich improvement smiles
 Around thy lovely borders ; in thy fields
 And all that in thy fields delighted dwell..
 Here that pure, golden mean, so oft of yore
 By sages wish'd, and prais'd, by Agur's voice 220
 Implor'd, while God th' approving sanction gave
 Of wisdom infinite ; that golden mean,
 Shines unalloy'd ; and here the extended good,
 That mean alone secures, is ceaseless found.

Oh, would some faithful, wise, laborious mind, 225
 Develope all thy springs of bliss to man ;
 Soon would politic visions fleet away,
 Before awakening truth ! Utopias then,
 Ancient and new, high fraught with fairy good,
 Would catch no more the heart. Philosophy 230
 Would bow to common-sense ; and man, from facts,
 And real life, politic wisdom learn.

Ah then, thou favour'd land, thyself reverè !
 Look not to Europe, for examples just
 Of order, manners, customs, doctrines, laws, 235
 Of happiness, or virtue. Cast around
 The eye of searching reason, and declare
 What Europe proffers, but a patchwork sway ;
 The garment Gothic, worn to fritter'd shreds,
 And eked from every loom of following times. 240
 Such as his sway, the system shows entire,
 Of silly pomp, and meanness train'd t' adore ;
 Of wealth enormous, and enormous want ;
 Of lazy sinecures, and suffering toil ;
 Of grey-beard systems, and meteorous dreams ; 245
 Of lordly churches, and dissention fierce,
 Rites farfical, and phrenzied unbelief.
 See thick and fell her lowering gibbets stand,
 And gibbets still employ'd ! while, through thy realms,
 The rare-seen felon startles every mind 250
 And fills each mouth with news. Behold her jails
 Countless, and stow'd with wretches of all kinds !
 Her brothels, circling, with their tainted walls,
 Unnumber'd female outcasts, shorne from life,
 Peace, penitence, and hope ; and down, down plung'd 255
 In vice' unbottom'd gulph ! Ye demons, rise,
 Rise, and look upward, from your dread abode ;
 And, if you've tears to shed, distil them here !
 See too, in countless herds, the mistress vile,
 Even to the teeth of matron sanctity, 260
 Lift up her shameless bronze, and elbow out
 The pure, the chaste, the lovely angel-form
 Of female excellence ! while leachers rank, and
 Bloated, call aloud on vengeance' worms,
 To seize their prey, on this side of the grave. 265
 See the foul theatre, with Upaz steams,
 Impoisoning half mankind ! See every heart
 And head from dunghills up to thrones, moon'd high

With fashion, frippery, falling humbly down
 To a new head-dress; barbers, milliners, 270
 Tailors, and mantua-makers, forming gods,
 Their fellow-millions worship! See the world
 All set to sale; truth, friendship, public trust,
 A nation's weal, religion, scripture, oaths,
 Struck off by inch of candle! Mark the mien, 275
 Out-changing the Cameleon; pleasing all,
 And all deceiving! Mark the snaky tongue,
 Now lightly vibrating, now hissing death!
 See war, from year to year, from age to age,
 Unceasing, open on mankind the gates 280
 Of devastation; earth wet-deep with blood,
 And pav'd with corpses; cities whelm'd in flames;
 And fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, and friends,
 In millions hurried to th' untimely tomb;
 To gain a wigwam, built on Nootka Sound, 285
 Or Falkland's fruitful isles; or to secure
 That rare soap-bubble, blown by children wise,
 Bloated in air, and ting'd with colours fine,
 Pursu'd by thousands, and with rapture nam'd
 National honour. But what powers suffice 290
 To tell the sands, that form the endless beach,
 Or drops, that fill the immeasurable deep.

Say then, ah say, would'st thou for these exchange
 Thy sacred institutions? thy mild laws?
 Thy pure religion? morals uncorrupt? 295
 Thy plain and honest manners? order, peace,
 And general weal? Think whence this weal arose.
 From the same springs it still shall ceaseless rise.
 Preserve the fountains sweet, and sweetest streams
 Shall still flow from them. Change, but change alone, 300
 By wise improvement of thy blessings rare;
 And copy not from others. Shun the lures
 Of Europe. Cherish still, watch, hold,

And hold through every trial, every snare,
 All that is thine. Amend, refine, complete; 305
 But still the glorious stamina retain.
 Still, as of yore, in church, and state, elect
 The virtuous, and the wise; men tried, and prov'd,
 Of steady virtue, all thy weal to guide;
 And HEAVEN shall bless thee, with a parent's hand. 310

When round I turn my raptur'd eyes, with joy
 O'erflowing, and thy wonderous bliss survey,
 I love to think of those, by whom that bliss
 Was purchas'd; those firm councils, that brave band,
 Who nobly jeopard'd their lives, their all, 315
 And cross'd temptation's whirlpool, to secure,
 For us, and ours, this rich estate of good.
 Ye souls illustrious, who, in danger's field,
 Instinct with patriot fire, each terror brav'd;
 And fix'd as these firm hills, the shock withstood 320
 Of war's convulsing earthquake, unappall'd,
 Whilst on your labours gaz'd, with reverent eyes,
 The pleas'd and wondering world; let every good,
 Life knows, let peace, esteem, domestic bliss,
 Approving conscience, and a grateful land, 325
 Glory through every age, and Heaven at last,
 To crown the splendid scene, your toils reward.

Heavens, what a matchless group of beauties rare
 Southward expands! where, crown'd with yon tall oak,
 Round-hill the circling land and sea o'erlooks; 330
 Or, smoothly sloping, Grover's beauteous rise,
 Spreads it's green sides, and lifts its single tree,
 Glad mark for seamen; or, with ruder face,
 Orchards, and fields, and groves, and houses rare,
 And scatter'd cedars, Mill-hill meets the eye; 335
 Or where, beyond, with every beauty clad,
 More distant heights in vernal pride ascend.
 On either side, a long, continued range,

In all the charms of rural nature dress'd,
 Slopes gently to the main. Ere Tryon sunk 340
 To infamy unfathom'd, thro' yon groves
 Once glister'd Norwalk's white-ascending spires,
 And soon, if HEAVEN permit, shall shine again.
 Here, sky-encircled, Stratford's churches beam;
 And Stratfield's turrets greet the roving eye. 345
 In clear, full view, with every varied charm,
 That forms the finish'd landschape, blending soft
 In matchless union, Fairfield and Green's Farms
 Give lustre to the day. Here, crown'd with pines
 And skirting groves, with creeks and havens fair 350
 Embellish'd, fed with many a beauteous stream,
 Prince of the waves, and ocean's favorite child,
 Far westward fading in confusion blue,
 And eastward stretch'd beyond the human ken,
 And mingled with the sky, there Longa's Sound 355
 Glorious expands. All hail! of waters first
 In beauties of all kinds; in prospects rich
 Of bays, and arms, and groves, and little streams,
 Enchanting capes and isles, and rivers broad,
 That yield eternal tribute to thy wave! 360
 In use supreme: fish of all kinds, all tastes,
 Scaly or shell'd, with floating nations fill
 Thy spacious realms; while, o'er thy lucid waves,
 Unceasing Commerce wings her countless sails.
 Safe in thy arms, the treasure moves along, 365
 While, beat by Longa's coast, old ocean roars
 Distant, but roars in vain. O'er all thy bounds,
 What varied beauties, changing with the sun,
 Or night's more lovely queen, here splendid glow.
 Oft, on thy eastern wave, the orb of light 370
 Refulgent rising, kindles wide a field
 Of mimic day, slow sailing to the west,
 And fading with the eve; and oft, through clouds,
 Painting their dark skirts on the glassy plain,

The strong, pervading lustre marks th' expanse, 375
 With streaks of glowing silver, or with spots
 Of burnish'd gold; while clouds, of every hue,
 Their purple shed, their amber, yellow, grey,
 Along the faithful mirror. Oft, at eve,
 Thron'd in the eastern sky, th' ascending moon, 380
 Distain'd with blood, sits awful o'er the wave,
 And, from the dim dark waters, troubled calls
 Her dreary image, trembling on the deep,
 And boding every horror. Round yon isles,
 Where every Triton, every Nereid, borne 385
 From eastern climes, would find perpetual home,
 Were Grecian fables true, what charms intrance
 The fascinated eye! where, half withdrawn
 Behind yon vivid slope, like blushing maids,
 They leave the raptur'd gaze. And O how fair 390
 Bright Longa spreads her terminating shore,
 Commix'd with whit'ning cliffs, with groves obscure,
 Farms shrunk to garden-beds, and forests fallen
 To little orchards, flow-ascending hills,
 And dusky vales, and plains! These the pleas'd eye 395
 Relieve, engage, delight; with one unchang'd,
 Unbounded ocean, wearied, and displeas'd.

Yet scarce six suns are pass'd, since these wide bounds,
 So still so lovely now, were wanton'd o'er
 By sails of British foes, with thunders dread 400
 Announcing desolation to each field,
 Each town, and hamlet; in the sheltering night
 Wafting base throngs of plunderers to our coast,
 The bed of peace invading; herds and flocks
 Purloining from the swain; and oft the house 405
 Of innocent and peace, in cruel flames
 With fell revenge, encircling. Now, afar
 With shame retir'd, his bands no more, no more
 (And oh may HEAVEN the fond prediction seal)

Shall hostile bands, from earth's extended bounds, 410
 Th' infernal talk resume. Henceforth, through time,
 To peace devoted, 'till millenian suns
 Call forth returning Eden, arts of peace
 Shall triumph here. Speed, oh speed, ye days
 Of blifs divine! when all-involving HEAVEN, 415
 The mystery finish'd, come the second birth
 Of this sin-ruin'd, this apostate world,
 And clos'd the final scene of wild misrule,
 All climes shall clothe again with life, and joy,
 With peace, and purity; and deathless spring 420
 Again commence her bright, etherial reign.

O who can paint, like Nature? who can boast
 Such scenes, as here inchant the lingering eye?
 Still to thy hand, great parent of the year!
 I turn obsequious; still to all thy works 425
 Of beauty, grandeur, novelty, and power,
 Of motion, light, and life, my beating heart
 Plays unison; and, with harmonious thrill,
 Inhales such joys, as Avarice never knew.

Ah! knew he but his happiness, of men 430
 Not the least happy he, who, free from broils,
 And base ambition, vain and bust'ling pomp,
 Amid a friendly cure, and competence,
 'Tastes the pure pleasures of parochial life.
 What though no crowd of clients, at his gate, 435
 To falshood, and injustice, bribe his tongue,
 And flatter into guilt; what though no bright,
 And gilded prospects lure ambition on
 To legislative pride, or chair of state;
 What though no golden dreams entice his mind 440
 To burrow, with the mole, in dirt, and mire;
 What though no splendid villa, Eden'd round
 With gardens of enchantment, walks of state,
 And all the grandeur of superfluous wealth,

Invite the passenger to stay his steed, 445
 And ask the liveried foot-boy, " who dwells here ?"
 What though no swarms, around his sumptuous board,
 Of soothing flatterers, humming in the shine
 Of opulence, and honey, from its flowers,
 Devouring, 'till their time arrives to sting, 450
 Inflate his mind; his virtues, round the year,
 Repeating, and his faults, with microscope
 Inverted, lessen, 'till they steal from sight:
 Yet, from the dire temptations, these present,
 His state is free; temptations, few can stem; 455
 Temptations, by whose sweeping torrent hurl'd
 Down the dire steep of guilt, unceasing fall,
 Sad victims, thousands of the brightest minds,
 That time's dark reign adorn; minds, to whose grasp
 Heaven seems most freely offer'd; to man's eye, 460
 Most hopeful candidates for angels' joys.

His lot, that wealth, and power, and pride forbids,
 Forbids him to become the tool of fraud,
 Injustice, misery, ruin; saves his soul
 From all the needless labours, griefs, and cares, 465
 That avarice, and ambition, agonize;
 From those cold nerves of wealth, that, palsied, feel
 No anguish, but its own; and ceaseless lead
 To thousand meanneſſes, as gain allures.

Though oft compell'd to meet the gross attack 470
 Of shameless ridicule, and towering pride,
 Sufficient good is his; good, real, pure,
 With guilt unmingled. Rarely forc'd from home,
 Around his board, his wife and children smile;
 Communion sweetest, nature here can give, 475
 Each fond endearment, office of delight,
 With love and duty blending. Such the joy,
 My bosom oft has known. His, too, the task,
 To rear the infant plants, that bud around;

To ope their little minds to truth's pure light ; 480
 To take them by the hand, and lead them on,
 In that straight, narrow road, where virtue walks ;
 To guard them from a vain, deceiving world ;
 And point their course to realms of promis'd life.

His too th' esteem of those, who weekly hear 485
 His words of truth divine ; unnumber'd acts
 Of real love attesting, to his eye,
 Their filial tendernefs. Where'er he walks,
 The friendly welcome and inviting smile
 Wait on his steps, and breathe a kindred joy. 490

Oft too in friendliest Association join'd,
 He greets his brethren, with a flowing heart,
 Flowing with virtue ; all rejoic'd to meet,
 And all reluctant parting ; every aim,
 Benevolent, aiding with purpose kind ; 495
 While, season'd with unblemish'd cheerfulness,
 Far distant from the tainted mirth of vice,
 Their hearts disclose each contemplation sweet
 Of things divine ; and blend in friendship pure,
 Friendship sublim'd by piety and love. 500

All virtue's friends are his : the good, the just,
 The pious, to his house their visits pay,
 And converse high hold of the true, the fair,
 The wonderful, the moral, the divine :
 Of saints, and prophets, patterns bright of truth, 505
 Lent to a world of sin, to teach mankind,
 How virtue, in that world, can live, and shine ;
 Of learning's varied realms ; of Nature's works ;
 And that bless'd book, which gilds man's darksome way,
 With light from heaven ; of bless'd Messiah's throne 510
 And kingdom ; prophecies divine fulfill'd,
 And prophecies more glorious, yet to come,
 In renovated days ; of that bright world,

And all the happy trains, which that bright world
 Inhabit, whither virtue's sons are gone : 515
 While GOD the whole inspires, adorns, exalts,
 The source, the end, the substance, and the soul.

This too the task, the bless'd, the useful task,
 To' invigour order, justice, law, and rule ;
 Peace to extend, and bid contention cease ; 520
 To teach the words of life ; to lead mankind
 Back from the wild of guilt, and brink of woe,
 To virtue's house and family ; faith, hope,
 And joy, t' inspire ; to warm the soul,
 With love to GOD, and man ; to cheer the sad, 525
 To fix the doubting, rouse the languid heart ;
 The wandering to restore ; to spread with down,
 The thorny bed of death ; console the poor,
 Departing mind, and aid its lingering wing.

To him, her choicest pages Truth expands, 530
 Unceasing, where the soul-intrancing scenes,
 Poetic fiction boasts, are real all :
 Where beauty, novelty, and grandeur, wear
 Superior charms, and moral worlds unfold
 Sublimities, transporting and divine. 535

Not all the scenes, Philosophy can boast,
 Tho' them with nobler truths he ceaseless blends,
 Compare with these. They, as they found the mind,
 Still leave it ; more inform'd, but not more wise.
 These wiser, nobler, better, make the man. 540

Thus every happy mean of solid good
 His life, his studies, and profession yield.
 With motives hourly new, each rolling day,
 Allures, through wisdom's path, and truth's fair field,
 His feet to yonder skies. Before him heaven 545
 Shines bright, the scope sublime of all his prayers,
 The meed of every sorrow, pain, and toil.

Then, O ye happy few! whom God allows
 To stand his messengers, in this bad world,
 And call mankind to virtue, weep no more, 550
 Though pains and toils betide you: for what life,
 On earth, from pains and toils was ever free?
 When Wealth and Pride around you gaily spread
 Their vain and transient splendour, envy not.
 How oft (let virtue weep!) is this their all? 555
 For you, in sunny prospect, daily spring
 Joys, which nor Pride can Taste, nor Wealth can boast;
 That, planted here, beyond the wintery grave
 Revive and grow with ever vernal bloom.

Hail these, oh hail! and be 't enough for you, 560
 To 'scape a world unclean; a life to lead
 Of usefulness, and truth; a Prince to serve,
 Who suffers no sincere and humble toil
 To miss a rich reward; in Death's dark vale,
 To meet unbosom'd light; beyond the grave 565
 To rise triumphant, freed from every stain,
 And cloth'd with every beauty; in the sky
 Stars to outshine; and, round th' eternal year,
 With saints, with angels, and with CHRIST, to reign.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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GREENFIELD HILL:

A

P O E M.

THE ARGUMENT.

VIEW of the Village invested with the pleasing appearances of Spring—Recollection of the Winter—Pleasures of Winter—Of Nature and humble life—March—Original subject resumed—Freedom of the Villagers from manorial evils—Address to Competence, reciting its pleasures, charitable effects, virtues attendant upon it, and its utility to the public—Contrasted by European artificial society—Further effects of Competence on Society, particularly in improving the People at large—African appears—State of Negro Slavery in Connecticut—Effects of Slavery on the African, from his childhood through life—Slavery generally characterized—West-Indian Slavery—True cause of the calamities of the West-Indies—Church—Effects of the Sabbath—Academic School—School-master—House of Sloth—Female Worthy—Inferior Schools—Female Visit—What is not, and what is, a social female visit—Pleasure of living in an improving state of society, contrasted by the dullness of stagnated society—Emigrations to the Western Country—Conclusion.

GREENFIELD HILL.

PART II.

THE FLOURISHING VILLAGE.

FAIR Verna! loveliest village of the west;
Of every joy, and every charm, possess'd;
How pleas'd amid thy varied walks I rove,
Sweet, cheerful walks of innocence, and love,
And o'er thy smiling prospects cast my eyes, 5
And see the seats of peace, and pleasure, rise,
And hear the voice of Industry resound,
And mark the smile of Competence, around!
Hail, happy village! O'er thy cheerful lawns,
With earliest beauty, spring delighted dawns; 10
The northward sun begins his vernal smile;
The spring-bird carols o'er the creffy rill:
The shower, that patters in the ruffled stream,
The ploughboy's voice, that chides the lingering team, 15
The bee, industrious, with his busy song,
The woodman's axe, the distant groves among,
The waggon, rattling down the rugged steep,
The light wind, lulling every care to sleep,
All these, with mingled music, from below, 20
Deceive intruding sorrow, as I go.

How pleas'd, fond Recollection, with a smile,
 Surveys the varied round of wintery toil !
 How pleas'd, amid the flowers, that scent the plain,
 Recalls the vanish'd frost, and fleeted rain ;
 The chilling damp, the ice-endangering street, 25
 And treacherous earth that slump'd beneath the feet.

Yet even stern winter's glooms could joy inspire :
 Then social circles grac'd the nutwood fire ;
 The axe resounded, at the sunny door ;
 The swain, industrious, trimm'd his flaxen store ; 30
 Or thresh'd, with vigorous flail, the bounding wheat,
 His poultry round him pilfering for their meat ;
 Or slid his firewood on the creaking snow ;
 Or bore his produce to the main below ;
 Or o'er his rich returns exulting laugh'd ; 35
 Or pledg'd the healthful orchard's sparkling draught :
 While, on his board, for friends and neighbours spread,
 The turkey smok'd, his busy housewife fed ;
 And Hospitality look'd smiling round,
 And Leisure told his tale, with gleeful sound. 40

Then too, the rough road hid beneath the sleigh,
 The distant friend despis'd a length of way,
 And join'd the warm embrace, and mingling smile,
 And told of all his bliss, and all his toil ;
 And, many a month elaps'd, was pleas'd to view 45
 How well the household far'd, the children grew ;
 While tales of sympathy deceiv'd the hour,
 And Sleep, amus'd, resign'd his wonted power.

Yes ! let the proud despise, the rich deride,
 These humble joys, to Competence allied : 50
 To me, they bloom, all fragrant to my heart,
 Nor ask the pomp of wealth, nor gloss of art.
 And as a bird, in prison long confin'd,
 Springs from his open'd cage, and mounts the wind,

Thro' fields of flowers, and fragrance, gaily flies, 55
 Or re-assumes his birth-right, in the skies :
 Unprison'd thus from artificial joys,
 Where pomp fatigues, and fustful fashion cloy,
 The soul, reviving, loves to wander free
 Thro' native scenes of sweet simplicity; 60
 Thro' Peace' low vale, where Pleasure lingers long,
 And every songster tunes his sweetest song,
 And Zephyr hastes, to breathe his first perfume,
 And Autumn stays, to drop his latest bloom :
 'Till grown mature, and gathering strength to roam, 65
 She lifts her lengthen'd wings, and seeks her home.

But now the wintry glooms are vanish'd all ;
 The lingering drift behind the shady wall ;
 The dark-brown spots, that patch'd the snowy field ;
 The surly frost, that every bud conceal'd ; 70
 The russet veil, the way with slime o'erspread,
 And all the saddening scenes of March are fled.

Sweet-smiling village ! loveliest of the hills !
 How green thy groves ! How pure thy glassy rills !
 With what new joy, I walk thy verdant streets ! 75
 How often pause, to breathe thy gale of sweets ;
 To mark thy well-built walls ! thy budding fields !
 And every charm, that rural nature yields ;
 And every joy, to Competence allied,
 And every good, that Virtue gains from Pride ! 80

No griping landlord here alarms the door,
 To halve, for rent, the poor man's little store.
 No haughty owner drives the humble swain
 To some far refuge from his dread domain ;
 Nor wastes, upon his robe of useless pride, 85
 The wealth, which shivering thousands want beside ;
 Nor in one palace sinks a hundred cots ;
 Nor in one manor drowns a thousand lots ;

Nor, on one table, spread for death and pain,
Devours what would a village well sustain. 90

O Competence, thou blest'd by Heaven's decree,
How well exchange'd is empty pride for thee!
Oft to thy cot my feet delighted turn,
To meet thy chearful smile, at peep of morn;
To join thy toils, that bid the earth look gay; 95
To mark thy sports, that hail the eve of May;
To see thy ruddy children, at thy board,
And share thy temperate meal, and frugal hoard;
And every joy, by winning prattlers giv'n,
And every earnest of a future Heaven. 100

There the poor wanderer finds a table spread,
The fireside welcome, and the peaceful bed.
The needy neighbour, oft by wealth denied,
There finds the little aids of life supplied;
The horse, that bears to mill the hard-earn'd grain; 105
The day's work given, to reap the ripen'd plain;
The useful team, to house the precious food,
And all the offices of real good.

There too, divine Religion is a guest,
And all the Virtues join the daily feast. 110
Kind Hospitality attends the door,
To welcome in the stranger and the poor;
Sweet Chastity, still blushing as she goes;
And Patience smiling at her train of woes;
And meek-eyed Innocence, and Truth refin'd, 115
And Fortitude, of bold, but gentle mind.

Thou pay'st the tax, the rich man will not pay;
Thou feed'st the poor, the rich man drives away.
Thy sons, for freedom, hazard limbs, and life,
While pride 'applauds, but shuns the manly strife: 120
Thou prop'st religion's cause, the world around,
And shew'st thy faith in works, and not in sound.

Say, child of passion! while, with idiot stare,
 Thou seest proud grandeur wheel her sunny car;
 While kings, and nobles, roll bespangled by, 125
 And the tall palace lessens in the sky;
 Say, while with pomp thy giddy brain runs round,
 What joys, like these, in splendour can be found?
 Ah, yonder turn thy wealth-inchanted eyes,
 Where that poor, friendless wretch expiring lies! 130
 Hear his sad partner shriek, beside his bed,
 And call down curses on her landlord's head,
 Who drove, from yon small cot, her household sweet,
 To pine with want, and perish in the street.
 See the pale tradesman toil, the livelong day, 135
 To deck imperious lords, who never pay!
 Who waste, at dice, their boundless breadth of soil,
 But grudge the scanty meed of honest toil.
 See hounds and horses riot on the store,
 By HEAVEN created for the hapless poor! 140
 See half a realm one tyrant scarce sustain,
 While meagre thousands round him glean the plain!
 See, for his mistress' robe, a village fold,
 Whose matrons shrink from nakedness and cold!
 See too the Farmer prowl around the shed, 145
 To rob the starving household of their bread;
 And seize, with cruel fangs, the helpless swain,
 While wives, and daughters, plead, and weep, in vain;
 Or yield to infamy themselves, to save
 Their fire from prison, famine, and the grave. 150

There too foul luxury taints the putrid mind,
 And slavery there imbrutes the reasoning kind:
 There humble worth, in damps of deep despair,
 Is bound by poverty's eternal bar:
 No motives bright the ethereal aim impart, 155
 Nor one fair ray of hope allures the heart.

But, O sweet Competence! how chang'd the scene,
 Where thy soft footsteps lightly print the green!

Where Freedom walks erect, with manly port,
 And all the blessings to his side resort, 160
 In every hamlet, Learning builds her schools,
 And beggars, children gain her arts, and rules;
 And mild Simplicity o'er manners reigns,
 And blameless morals Purity sustains.

From thee the rich enjoyments round me spring, 165
 Where every farmer reigns a little king;
 Where all to comfort, none to danger, rise;
 Where pride finds few, but nature all supplies;
 Where peace and sweet civility are seen,
 And meek good-neighbourhood endears the green. 170
 Here every class (if classes those we call,
 Where one extended class embraces all,
 All mingling, as the rainbow's beauty blends,
 Unknown where every hue begins or ends)
 Each following, each, with uninvincible strife, 175
 Wears every feature of improving life.
 Each gains from other comeliness of dress,
 And learns, with gentle mein to win and bless,
 With welcome mild the stranger to receive,
 And with plain, pleasing decency to live. 180
 Refinement hence even humblest life improves;
 Not the loose fair, that form and frippery loves;
 But she, whose mansion is the gentle mind,
 In thought, and action, virtuously refin'd.
 Hence, wives and husbands act a lovelier part, 185
 More just the conduct, and more kind the heart;
 Hence brother, sister, parent, child, and friend,
 The harmony of life more sweetly blend;
 Hence labour brightens every rural scene;
 Hence cheerful plenty lives along the green; 190
 Still Prudence eyes her hoard, with watchful care,
 And robes of thrift and neatness, all things wear.

But hark! what voice so gaily fills the wind?
 Of care oblivious, whose that laughing mind?

'Tis yon poor black, who ceases now his song, 195
 And whistling, drives the cumbrous wain along.
 He never, dragg'd, with groans, the galling chain;
 Nor hung, suspended, on th' infernal crane;
 No dim, white spots deform his face, or hand,
 Memorials hellish of the marking brand! 200
 No seams of pincers, scars of scalding oil;
 No waste of famine, and no wear of toil.
 But kindly fed, and clad, and treated, he
 Slides on, thro' life, with more than common glee.
 For here mild manners good to all impart, 205
 And stamp with infamy th' unfeeling heart;
 Here law, from vengeful rage, the slave defends,
 And here the gospel peace on earth extends.

He toils, 'tis true; but shares his master's toil;
 With him, he feeds the herd, and trims the soil; 210
 Helps to sustain the house, with clothes, and food,
 And takes his portion of the common good:
 Lost liberty his sole, peculiar ill,
 And fix'd submission to another's will.
 Ill, ah, how great! without that cheering fun, 215
 The world is chang'd to one wide, frigid zone;
 The mind, a chill'd exotic, cannot grow,
 Nor leaf with vigour, nor with promise blow;
 Pale, sickly, shrunk, it strives in vain to rise,
 Scarce lives, while living, and untimely dies. 220

See fresh to life the Afric infant spring,
 And plume its powers, and spread its little wing!
 Firm is it's frame, and vigorous is its mind,
 Too young to think, and yet to misery blind.
 But soon he fees himself to slavery born; 225
 Soon meets the voice of power, the eye of scorn;
 Sighs for the blessings of his peers, in vain;
 Condition'd as a brute, tho' form'd a man.

Around he casts his fond, instinctive eyes,
 And sees no good, to fill his wishes, rise : 230
 (No motive warms, with animating beam,
 Nor praise, nor property, nor kind esteem,
 Bless'd independence, on his native ground,
 Nor sweet equality with those around ;)
 Himself, and his, another's shrinks to find, 235
 Levell'd below the lot of human kind.
 Thus, shut from honour's paths, he turns to shame,
 And filches the small good, he cannot claim.
 To sour, and stupid, sinks his active mind ;
 Finds joys in drink, he cannot elsewhere find ; 240
 Rule disobeys ; of half his labour cheats ;
 In some safe cot, the pilfer'd turkey eats ;
 Rides hard, by night, the steed, his art purloins ;
 Serene from conscience' bar himself effoins ;
 Sees from himself his sole redress must flow, 245
 And makes revenge the balsam of his woe.

Thus slavery's blast bids sense and virtue die ;
 Thus lower'd to dust the sons of Afric lie.
 Hence fages grave, to lunar systems given,
 Shall ask, why two-legg'd brutes were made by HEAVEN ; 250
 HOME seek, what pair first peopled Afric's vales,
 And nice MONBODDO calculate their tails.

O thou chief curse, since curses here began ;
 First guilt, first woe, first infamy of man ;
 Thou spot of hell, deep smirch'd on human kind, 255
 The uncur'd gangrene of the reasoning mind ;
 Alike in church, in state, and household all,
 Supreme memorial of the world's dread fall ;
 O slavery ! laurel of the Infernal mind,
 Proud Satan's triumph over lost mankind ! 260

See the fell Spirit mount his footy car !
 While Hell's black trump proclaims the finish'd war ;
 Her choicest fiends his wheels exulting draw,
 And scream the fall of God's most holy law.

In dread procession see the pomp begin, 265
 Sad pomp of woe, of madness, and of sin!
 Grav'd on the chariot, all earth's ages roll,
 And all her climes, and realms, to either pole.
 Fierce in the flash of arms, see Europe spread!
 Her jails, and gibbets, fleets, and hosts, display'd! 270
 Awe-struck, see silken Asia silent bow!
 And feeble Afric writhe in blood below!
 Before, peace, freedom, virtue, bliss, move on,
 The spoils, the treasures, of a world undone;
 Behind, earth's bedlam millions clank the chain, 275
 Hymn their disgrace, and celebrate their pain;
 Kings, nobles, priests, dread senate! lead the van,
 And shout "Te-Deum!" o'er defeated man.

Oft, wing'd by thought, I seek those Indian isles,
 Where endless spring, with endless summer smiles, 280
 Where fruits of gold untir'd Vertumnus pours,
 And Flora dances o'er undying flowers.
 There, as I walk thro' fields, as Eden gay,
 And breathe the incense of immortal May,
 Ceaseless I hear the smacking whip resound; 285
 Hark! that shrill scream! that groan of death-bed sound!
 See those throng'd wretches pant along the plain,
 Tug the hard hoe, and sigh in hopeless pain!
 Yon mother, loaded with her sucking child,
 Her rags with frequent spots of blood defil'd, 290
 Drags slowly fainting on; the fiend is nigh;
 Rings the shrill cowskin; roars the tyger-cry;
 In pangs, th' unfriended suppliant crawls along,
 And shrieks the prayer of agonizing wrong.

Why glows yon oven with a sevenfold fire? 295
 Crisp'd in the flames, behold a man expire!
 Lo! by that vampyre's hand, yon infant dies,
 It's brains dash'd out, beneath it's father's eyes.

Why shrinks yon slave, with horror, from his meat?
 Heavens ! 'tis his flesh, the wretch is whipp'd to eat. 300
 Why streams the life-blood from that female's throat?
 She sprinkled gravy on a guest's new coat !

Why croud those quivering blacks yon dock around? 305
 Those screams announce ; that cowskin's shrilling found.
 See, that poor victim hanging from the crane,
 While loaded weights his limbs to torture strain ;
 At each keen stroke, far spouts the bursting gore,
 And shrieks, and dying groans, fill all the shore. 310
 Around, in throngs, his brother-victims wait,
 And feel, in every stroke, their coming fate ;
 While each, with palsied hands, and shuddering fears,
 The cause, the rule, and price, of torment bears.

Hark, hark, from morn to night, the realm around, 315
 The cracking whip, keen taunt, and shriek, resound !
 O'ercast are all the splendors of the spring ;
 Sweets court in vain ; in vain the warblers sing ;
 Illusions all ! 'tis Tartarus round me spreads
 His dismal screams, and melancholy shades. 320
 The damned, sure, here clank th' eternal chain,
 And waste with grief, or agonize with pain.
 A Tartarus new ! inversion strange of hell !
 Guilt wreaks the vengeance, and the guiltless feel.
 The heart, not form'd of flint, here all things rend ; 325
 Each fair a fury, and each man a fiend ;
 From childhood, train'd to every baleful ill,
 And their first sport, to torture, and to kill.

Ask not, why earthquakes rock that fateful land ;
 Fires waste the city ; ocean whelms the strand ; 330
 Why the fierce whirlwind, with electric sway,
 Springs from the storm, and fastens on his prey,

Shakes heaven, rends earth, upheaves the cumbrous wave,
And with destruction's besom fills the grave:-

Why dark disease roams swift her nightly round, 335
Knocks at each door, and wakes the gasping sound.

Ask, shuddering ask, why, earth-embofom'd sleep
The unbroken fountains of the angry deep:
Why, bound, and furnac'd, by the globe's strong frame,
In fullen quiet, waits the final flame: 340

Why surge not, o'er yon isles it's spouting fires,
'Till all their living world in dust expires.
Crimes sound their ruin's moral cause aloud,
And all heaven, fighting, rings with cries of brother's blood.

Beside yon church, that beams a modest ray, 345
With tidy neatness reputably gay,
When, mild and fair, as Eden's seventh-day light,
In silver silence, shines the Sabbath bright,
In neat attire, the village households come,
And learn the path-way to the eternal home. 350

Hail solemn ordinance! worthy of the SKIES;
Whence thousand richest blessings daily rise;
Peace, order, cleanliness, and manners sweet,
A sober mind, to rule submission meet,
Enlarging knowledge, life from guilt refin'd, 355
And love to God, and friendship to mankind.

In the clear splendour of thy vernal morn,
New-quicken'd man to light, and life, is born;
The desert of the mind with virtue blooms;
It's flowers unfold, it's fruits exhale perfumes; 360
Proud guilt dissolves, beneath the searching ray,
And low debasement, trembling, creeps away;
Vice bites the dust; foul Error seeks her den;
And God, descending, dwells anew with men.
Where yonder humbler spire salutes the eye, 365
It's vane flow turning in the liquid sky,

Where, in light gambols, healthy striplings sport,
 Ambitious learning builds her outer court;
 A grave preceptor, there, her usher stands,
 And rules, without a rod, her little bands. 370
 Some half-grown sprigs of learning grac'd his brow:
 Little he knew, though much he wish'd to know,
 Enchanted hung o'er Virgil's honey'd lay,
 And smil'd, to see desipient Horace play;
 Glean'd scraps of Greek; and, curious, trac'd afar, 375
 Through Pope's clear glass, the bright Mæonian star.
 Yet oft his students at his wisdom star'd,
 For many a student to his side repair'd,
 Surpriz'd, they heard him Dilworth's knots untie,
 And tell, what lands beyond the Atlantic lie. 380

Many his faults; his virtues small, and few;
 Some little good he did, or strove to do;
 Laborious still, he taught the early mind,
 And urg'd to manners meek, and thoughts refin'd;
 Truth he impress'd, and every virtue prais'd; 385
 While infant eyes, in wondering silence, gaz'd;
 The worth of time would, day by day, unfold,
 And tell them, every hour was made of gold.
 Brown Industry he lov'd; and oft declar'd
 How hardy Sloth, in life's sad evening, far'd; 390
 Through grave examples, with sage meaning, ran,
 Whist was each form, and thus the tale began.

" Beside yon lonely tree, whose branches bare
 Rise white, and murmur to the passing air,
 There, where the twining briars the yard enclose, 395
 The house of Sloth stands hush'd in long repose."

" In a late round of solitary care,
 My feet instinct to rove, they knew not where,
 I thither came. With yellow blossoms gay,
 The tall rank weed begirt the tangled way: 400

Curious to view, I forc'd a path between,
And climb'd the broken stile, and gaz'd the scene."

" O'er an old well, the curb half-fallen spread,
Whose boards, end-loose, a mournful creaking made ;
Poiz'd on a leaning post, and ill-sustain'd, 405
In ruin sad, a mouldering swepe remain'd ;
Useless, the crooked pole still dangling hung,
And, tied with thrumbs, a broken bucket swung."

" A half-made wall around the garden lay,
Mended, in gaps, with brushwood in decay. 410
No culture through the woven briars was seen,
Save a few sickly plants of faded green :
The starv'd potatoe hung it's blasted seeds,
And fennel struggled to o'ertop the weeds.
There gaz'd a ragged sheep, with wild surprise, 415
And too lean geese upturn'd their slanting eyes."

" The cottage gap'd, with many a dismal yawn,
Where, rent to burn, the covering boards were gone ;
Or, by one nail, where others endwise hung,
The sky look'd thro', and winds portentous rung. 420
In waves, the yielding roof appear'd to run,
And half the chimney-top was fallen down."

" The ancient cellar-door, of structure rude,
With tatter'd garments calk'd, half open stood.
There, as I peep'd, I saw the ruin'd bin ; 425
The sills were broke ; the wall had crumbled in ;
A few, long-emptied casks lay mouldering round,
And wasted ashes sprinkled o'er the ground ;
While, a sad sharer in the household ill,
A half-starv'd rat crawl'd out, and bade farewell." 430

" One window dim, a loop-hole to the fight,
Shed round the room a pale, penurious light ;

Here rags gay-colour'd eked the broken glass;
There panes of wood supplied the vacant space."

" As, pondering deep, I gaz'd, with gritty roar, 435
The hinges creak'd, and open stood the door.
Two little boys, half-naked from the waist,
With staring wonder, ey'd me, as I pass'd.
The smile of Pity blended with her tear—
Ah me! how rarely Comfort visits here!" 440

" On a lean hammoc, once with feathers fill'd,
His limbs by dirty tatters ill conceal'd,
Tho' now the sun had rounded half the day,
Stretch'd at full length, the loungee snoring lay:
While his sad wife, beside her dresser stood, 445
And wash'd her hungry household's meagre food,
His aged sire, whose beard, and flowing hair,
Wav'd silvery, o'er his antiquated chair,
Rose from his seat; and, as he watch'd my eye,
Deep from his bosom heav'd a mournful sigh— 450
" Stranger, he cried, once better days I knew;"
And, trembling, shed the venerable dew.
I wish'd a kind reply; but wish'd in vain;
No words came timely to relieve my pain:
To the poor parent, and her infants dear, 455
Two mites I gave, besprinkled with a tear;
And, fix'd again to see the wretched shed,
Withdrew in silence, clos'd the door, and fled."

" Yet this so lazy man I've often seen
Hurrying, and bustling, round the busy green; 460
The loudest prater, in a blacksmith's shop;
The wisest statesman, o'er a drunken cup;
(His sharp-bon'd horse, the street that nightly fed,
Tied, many an hour, in yonder tavern-shed)
In every gambling, racing match, abroad: 465
But a rare hearer, in the house of God."

" Such, such, my children, is the dismal cot,
Where drowsy Sloth receives her wretched lot:
But O how different is the charming cell,
Where Industry and Virtue love to dwell!" 470

" Beyond that hillock, topp'd with scatter'd trees,
That meet, with freshest green, the hastening breeze,
There, where the glassy brook reflects the day,
Nor weeds, nor sedges, choke its crystal way,
Where budding willows feel the earliest spring, 475
And wonted red-breasts safely nest, and sing,
A female Worthy lives; and all the poor
Can point the way to her sequester'd door."

" She, unseduc'd by drefs and idle shew,
The forms, and rules, of fashion never knew; 480
Nor glittering in the ball, her form display'd;
Nor yet can tell a diamond, from a spade.
Far other objects claim'd her steady care;
The morning chapter, and the nightly prayer;
The frequent visit to the poor man's shed; 485
The wakeful nursing, at the sick man's bed;
Each day, to rise, before the early sun;
Each day, to see her daily duty done;
To cheer the partner of her household cares,
And mould her children, from their earliest years. 490

" Small is her house; but fill'd with stores of good;
Good, earn'd with toil, and with delight bestow'd.
In the clean cellar, rang'd in order neat,
Gay-smiling Plenty boasts her casks of meat,
Points, to small eyes, the bins where apples glow, 495
And marks her cyder-butts, in stately row.
Her granary, fill'd with harvest's various pride,
Still sees the poor man's bushel laid aside;
Here swells the flaxen, there the fleecy store,
And the long wood-pile mocks the winter's power: 500

White are the swine ; the poultry plump and large ;
For every creature thrives, beneath her charge."

" Plenteous, and plain, the furniture is seen ;
All form'd for use, and all as silver clean.
On the clean dresser, pewter shines arow ; 505
The clean-scowr'd bowls are trimly set below ;
While the wash'd coverlet, and linen white,
Assure the traveller a refreshing night."

" Oft have I seen, and oft still hope to see,
This friend, this parent to the poor and me, 510
Tho' bent with years, and toil, and care, and woe,
Age lightly silver'd on her furrow'd brow,
Her frame still useful, and her mind still young,
Her judgment vigorous, and her memory strong,
Serene her spirits, and her temper sweet, 515
And pleas'd the youthful circle still to meet,
Cheerful, the long-accustom'd task pursue,
Prevent the rust of age, and life renew ;
To church, still pleas'd, and able still, to come,
And shame the lounging youth, who sleep at home." 520

" Such as her toils, has been the bright reward ;
For Heaven will always toils like these regard.
Safe, on her love, her truth and wisdom tried,
Her husband's heart, thro' lengthened life, relied ;
From little, daily saw his wealth increase, 525
His neighbours love him, and his household blest ;
In peace and plenty liv'd, and died resign'd,
And, dying, left six thousand pounds behind.
Her children, train'd to usefulness alone,
Still love the hand, which led them kindly on, 530
With pious duty, own her wise behest,
And, every day, rise up, and call her blest'd."

" More would ye know, of each poor hind enquire,
Who sees no sun go down upon his hire ;

A cheerful witness, bid each neighbour come ; 535
 Ask each sad wanderer, where he finds a home ;
 His tribute even the vilest wretch will give,
 And praise the useful life, he will not live."

" Oft have the prattlers, GOD to me has giv'n,
 The flock, I hope, and strive, to train for Heaven, 540
 With little footsteps, fought her mansion dear,
 To meet the welcome, given with heart sincere ;
 And cheer'd with all, that early minds can move,
 The smiles of gentleness, and acts of love,
 At home, in lisping tales, her worth display'd, 545
 And pour'd their infant blessings on her head."

" Ye kings, of pomp, ye nobles proud of blood,
 Heroes of arms, of science sages proud !
 Read, blush, and weep, to see, with all your store,
 Fame, genius, knowledge, bravery, wealth, and power, 550
 Crown'd, laurell'd, worshipp'd, gods beneath the sun,
 Far less of real good enjoy'd, or done."

Such lessons, pleas'd, he taught. The precepts new
 Oft the young train to early wisdom drew ;
 And, when his influence willing minds confess'd, 555
 The children lov'd him, and the parents blest'd ;
 But, when by soft indulgence led astray,
 His pupil's hearts had learn'd the idle way,
 Tho' constant, kind, and hard, his toils had been,
 For all those toils, small thanks had he, I ween. 560

Behold yon humbler mansion lift its head !
 Where infant minds to science door are led.
 As now, by kind indulgence loos'd to play,
 From place to place, from sport to sport, they stray,
 How light their gambols frolic o'er the green ! 565
 How their shrill voices cheer the rural scene !
 Sweet harmless elves ! in Freedom's household born,
 Enjoy the raptures of your transient morn ;

And let no hour of anxious manhood see
Your minds less innocent, or bless'd, or free ! 570

See too, in every hamlet, round me rise
A central school-house, dress'd in modest guise !
Where every child for useful life prepares,
To business moulded, ere he knows its cares ;
In worth matures, to independence grows, 575
And twines the civic garland o'er his brows.

Mark, how invited by the vernal sky,
Yon cheerful group of females passes by !
Whose hearts, attun'd to social joy, prepare
A friendly visit to some neighbouring fair. 580
How neatness glistens from the lovely train !
Bright charm ! which pomp to rival tries in vain.

Ye Muses ! dames of dignified renown,
Rever'd alike in country, and in town,
Your bard the mysteries of a visit show ; 585
For sure your Ladyships those mysteries know :
What is it then, obliging Sisters ! say,
The debt of social visiting to pay ?

'Tis not to toil before the idol pier ;
To shine the first in fashion's lunar sphere ; 590
By sad engagements forc'd, abroad to roam,
And dread to find the expecting fair, at home !
To stop at thirty doors, in half a day,
Drop the gilt card, and proudly roll away ;
To alight, and yield the hand, with nice parade ; 595
Up stairs to rustle in the stiff brocade ;
Swim thro' the drawing room, with studied air ;
Catch the pink'd beau, and shade the rival fair ;
To sit, to curb, to tofs, with bridled mien,
Mince the scant speech, and lose a glance between ; 600
Unfurl the fan, display the snowy arm,
And ope, with each new motion, some new charm:

Or sit, in silent solitude, to spy
 Each little failing, with malignant eye;
 Or chatter, with incessancy of tongue, 605
 Careless, if kind, or cruel, right, or wrong;
 To trill of us, and ours, of mine, and me,
 Our house, our coach, our friends, our family,
 While all th' excluded circle sit in pain,
 And glance their cool contempt, or keen disdain: 610
 T' inhale, from proud Nanking, a sip of tea,
 And wave a curtsy trim, and flirt away:
 Or waste, at cards, peace, temper, health and life,
 Begin with sullenness, and end in strife,
 Lose the rich feast, by friendly converse given, 615
 And backward turn from happiness, and heaven.

It is, in decent habit, plain and neat,
 To spend a few choice hours, in converse sweet;
 Careless of forms, to act th' unstudied part,
 To mix in friendship, and to blend the heart; 620
 To choose those happy themes, which all must feel,
 The moral duties, and the household-weal,
 The tale of sympathy, the kind design,
 Where rich affections soften, and refine;
 T' amuse, to be amus'd, to bless, be bless'd, 625
 And tune to harmony the common breast;
 To cheer, with mild good-humour's sprightly ray,
 And smooth life's passage, o'er its thorny way;
 To circle round the hospitable board,
 And taste each good, our generous climes afford; 630
 To court a quick return, with accents kind,
 And leave, at parting, some regret behind.

Such, here, the social intercourse is found;
 So slides the year, in smooth enjoyment, round.

Thrice bless'd the life, in this glad region spent, 635
 In peace, in competence, and still content;

Where bright, and brighter, all things daily smile,
 And rare and scanty, flow the streams of ill;
 Where undecaying youth sits blooming round,
 And Spring looks lovely on the happy ground; 640
 Improvement glows, along life's cheerful way,
 And with soft lustre makes the passage gay.
 Thus oft, on yonder Sound, when evening gales
 Breath'd e'er th' expanse, and gently fill'd the sails,
 The world was still, the heavens were dress'd in smiles, 645
 And the clear moon-beam tipp'd the distant isles,
 On the blue plain a lucid image gave,
 And capp'd, with silver light, each little wave;
 The silent splendour, floating at our side,
 Mov'd as we mov'd, and wanton'd on the tide; 650
 While shadowy points, and havens, met the eye,
 And the faint-glimmering landmark told us home was nigh.

Ah, dire reverse! in yonder eastern clime,
 Where heavy drags the sluggish car of time;
 The world unalter'd by the change of years, 655
 Age after age, the same dull aspect wears;
 On the bold mind the weight of system spread,
 Resistless lies, a cumbrous load of lead;
 One beaten course, the wheels politic keep,
 And slaves of custom, lose their woes in sleep; 660
 Stagnant is social life; no bright design,
 Quickens the sloth, or checks the sad decline.
 The friend of man casts round a wishful eye,
 And hopes, in vain, improving scenes to spy;
 Slow o'er his head, the dragging moments roll, 665
 And damp each cheerful purpose of the soul.

Thus the bewilder'd traveller, forc'd to roam
 Through a lone forest, leaves his friends, and home;
 Dun evening hangs the sky; the woods around
 Join their dun umbrage o'er the russet ground; 670
 At every step, new gloom inshrouds the skies;
 His path grows doubtful, and his fears arise:

No woodland songstrefs soothes his mournful way ;
 No taper gilds the gloom with cheering ray ;
 On the cold earth he laps his head forlorn, 675
 And watching, looks, and looks, to spy the lingering morn.

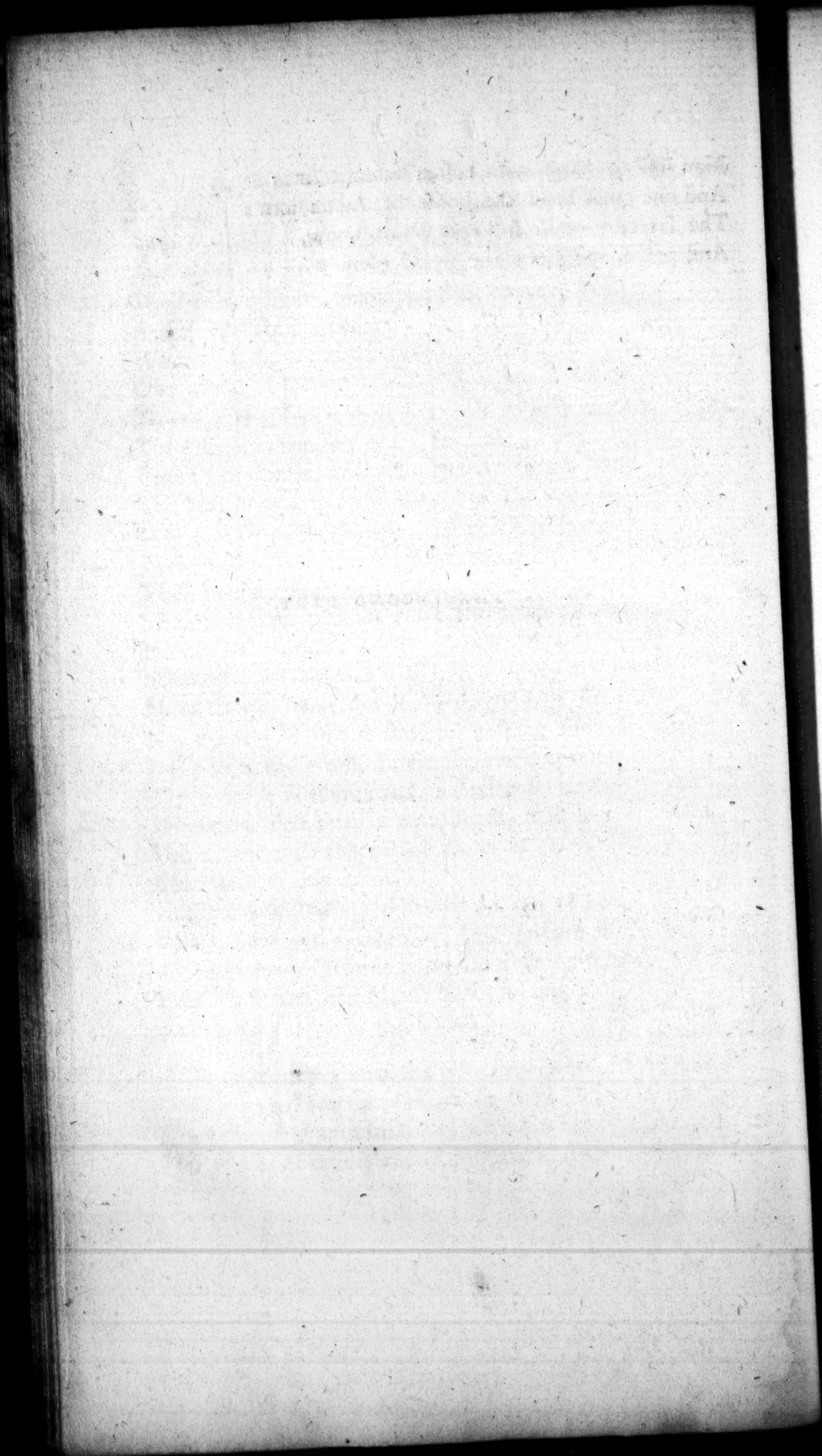
And when new regions prompt their feet to roam,
 And fix, in untrod fields, another home,
 No dreary realms our happy race explore,
 Nor mourn their exile from their native shore. 680
 For there no endless frosts the glebe deform,
 Nor blows, with icy breath, perpetual storm :
 No wrathful suns, with sickly splendour glare,
 Nor moors, impoison'd, taint the balmy air,
 But medial climates change the healthful year ; 685
 Pure streamlets wind, and gales of Eden cheer ;
 In misty pomp the sky-topp'd mountains stand,
 And with green bosom humbler hills expand :
 With flowery brilliance smiles the woodland glade ;
 Full teems the soil, and fragrant twines the shade. 690
 There cheaper fields the numerous household charm,
 And the glad fire gives every son a farm ;
 In falling forests, Labour's axe resounds ;
 Opes the new field ; and wind the fence's bounds ;
 The green wheat sparkles ; nods the towering corn ; 695
 And meads, and pastures, lessening wastes adorn.
 Where howl'd the forest, herds unnumber'd low ;
 The fleecy wanderers fear no prowling foe ;
 The village springs ; the humble school aspires ;
 And the church brightens in the morning fires ! 700
 Young Freedom wantons ; Art exalts her head ;
 And infant Science prattles through the shade.
 There changing neighbours learn their manners mild ;
 And toil and prudence drefs th' improving wild :
 The savage shrinks, nor dares the blifs annoy ; 705
 And the glad traveller wonders at the joy.

All hail, thou western world! by heaven design'd
 Th' example bright, to renovate mankind.
 Soon shall thy sons across the mainland roam;
 And claim, on far Pacific shores, their home; 710
 Their rule, religion, manners, arts, convey,
 And spread their freedom to the Asian sea.
 Where erst six thousand suns have roll'd the year
 O'er plains of slaughter, and o'er wilds of fear,
 Towns, cities, fanes, shall lift their towery pride; 715
 The village bloom, on every streamlets side;
 Proud Commerce, mole the western furies lave;
 The long, white spire lie imag'd on the wave;
 O'er morn's pellucid main expand their sails,
 And the starr'd ensign court Korean gales. 720
 Then nobler thoughts shall savage trains inform;
 Then barbarous passions cease the heart to storm:
 No more the captive circling flames devour;
 Through the war path the Indian creep no more;
 No midnight scout the slumbering village fire; 725
 Nor the scalp'd infant stain his gasping fire:
 But peace, and truth, illumine the twilight mind,
 The gospel's sunshine, and the purpose kind.
 Where marshes teem'd with death, shall meads unfold;
 Untrodden cliffs resign their stores of gold; 730
 The dance refin'd on Albion's margin move,
 And her lone bowers rehearse the tale of love.
 Where slept perennial night, shall science rise,
 And new-born Oxfords cheer the evening skies;
 Miltonic strains the Mexic hills prolong, 735
 And Louis murmurs to Sicilian song.

Then to new climes the bliss shall trace its way,
 And Tartar deserts hail the rising day;
 From the long torpor startled China wake;
 Her chains of misery rous'd Peruvia break; 740

Man link to man ; with bosom bosom twine ;
And one great bond the house of Adam join ;
The sacred promise full completion know,
And peace, and piety, the world o'erflow.

END OF THE SECOND PART.



GREENFIELD HILL:

Λ

P O E M.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN the beginning of July 1779, the British, under the command of Sir George Collyer, and Governor Tryon, plundered New-Haven. Thence they sailed to Fairfield, plundered, and burned it. Eighty-five dwelling houses, two churches, a handsome court house, several school houses, together with a great number of barns, out-houses, &c. were consumed by the fire. Many other houses were set on fire; but were extinguished by the returning inhabitants. The distress, occasioned by this act of wanton barbarity, is inconceivable; and the name of Governor Tryon will, on account of it, be remembered with the most finished detestation.

From l. 1, to l. 283, the story is related. The reader is then addressed with a representation of the happiness destroyed at Fairfield, and with an account of the prevalence of war, in ancient, and in modern times; its nature and its effects on the morals and happiness of mankind. This address extends to l. 547, and is succeeded by an Address to the Hero, returning victorious from war. He is first presented with a picture of the miseries of war, on the land; and is then conducted to the shore, to take a survey of maritime war.—Death—Speech of Death—Motives to abstain from war—and Conclusion.

GREENFIELD HILL.

PART III.

THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD.

ON yon bright plain, with beauty gay,
Where waters wind, and cattle play,
Where gardens, groves, and orchards bloom,
Unconscious of her coming doom,
Once Fairfield smil'd. The tidy dome,
Of pleasure, and of peace, the home,
There rose; and there the glittering spire,
Secure from sacrilegious fire.

And now no scenes had brighter smil'd,
No skies, with purer splendor mild, 10
No greener wreath had crown'd the spring,
Nor sweeter breezes spread the wing,
Nor streams thro' gayer margins roll'd,
Nor harvests wav'd with richer gold,
Nor flocks on brighter hillocks play'd, 15
Nor groves entwinn'd a safer shade:
But o'er her plains, infernal War
Has whirl'd the terrors of his car,

H

The vengeance pour'd of wasting flame,
And blacken'd man with endless shame, 20

Long had the Briton, round our coast,
His bolts in every haven tofs'd,
Unceasing spread the trump's alarms,
And call'd the swains to daily arms.
Success his wilder'd eye had charm'd, 25
And hope with strong pulsations warm'd,
And pride, with eagle pinion, borne
Far in the blaze of splendid morn.
With brightest beams, as rainbows rise
To suns, departing from the skies, 30
As morn, in April's fairest form,
Is quench'd, and buried, in the storm;
So brighter all his prospects spread,
Just as the gay enchantment fled.
His efforts clos'd in shame forlorn; 35
His pride provok'd the taunt of scorn;
Sunbright, the transient meteor shone,
And darker left the world, when gone.

Soft rose the summer's mildest morn;
To yonder beach his fleet was borne; 40
His canvas swell'd, his flag, unfurl'd,
Hung ruin o'er the western world.
Then forth his thickening thousands came;
Their armour pour'd an eager flame,
Confusion fill'd the realm around; 45
The reaper left his sheaf unbound;
The farmer, flying, dropp'd his goad,
His oxen yok'd before the load;
His plough the unfinish'd furrow held,
And flocks unguided roam'd the field. 50
Forth from his shop the tradesman flew,
His musket seizing, to pursue;
From every house, the hurried swains,
Tumultuous, throng'd the bust'ling plains;

At race, the crossing steeds were seen, 55
And crouds stood clustering on the green.

Aghast the wretched townsmen fled;
The youth with nimble vigour sped;
The virgin, wild with throbbing woe,
Flew swift, and swifter, from the foe; 60
Pale Age slow totter'd on behind,
His white hair streaming in the wind;
The boy, with little footsteps, hied,
And hung upon his grandfire's side.
Clasp'd close, and cherish'd at her breast, 65
Her new-born babe the mother press'd;
Oft toward the town was glanc'd her eye,
And oft she listen'd to the cry—
“Haste, haste, my babes! the foe draws near;
Fly, lest he slay my children here”— 70
Around, the affrighted charmers scower'd,
And scream'd, as fierce the cannons roar'd.

The pair, beyond expression lov'd,
Apart, with lingering anguish, mov'd:
He toward the war reluctant drew; 75
She wav'd the long and last adieu.

Through every field, and copse, astray,
The unfriended mourners trac'd their way,
That refuge in the waste to find,
Denied them by the human kind: 80
While waggons bore, behind the throng,
The tythe of furniture along.

Meantime, in combat's ridgy van,
Dark-lowering, man confronted man;
Tempestuous, host with host engag'd; 85
The shout of thundering onset rag'd;
The cannon burst; the musquet roar'd;
Long, smoky folds through ether pour'd;

Loud rose the uproar wild ; around,
 The world all trembled, at the sound : 90
 Now hollow groan'd the victim's cries,
 And now shrill victory fill'd the skies.

But ah ! the rude Columbian host
 Nor leaders, arms, nor skill, could boast ;
 To war untrain'd, they feebly bore 95
 The phalanx firm of veteran power,
 Scatter'd to neighbouring hills away,
 And gave the scarce-disputed day.

Yet, though in battle's rage untaught,
 Superior souls undaunted fought, 100
 Atchiev'd, with breast of generous mould,
 Such deeds, as Grecian bards have told,
 The patriot prov'd, the laurel gain'd,
 The brave avengers of their land.

The work of crimson slaughter done, 105
 A sullen interval came on.
 The swains, escap'd from threat'ning ill,
 Hung, gloomy, round each neighbouring hill :
 From house to house th' invaders flew,
 To waste, to plunder, and pursue. 110
 Whate'er their ruffian strength could bear
 Useful, or pleasant, rich, or rare,
 From the poor earner's feeble hand
 They snatch'd, and hurried to the strand.

To bruise the head of silver hair, 115
 To agonize the imploring fair,
 The husband's breast convulse with woe,
 The wife to wound with every throe,
 The feeble crush, the humble beat,
 And spurn pale Anguish from their feet, 120
 With gross assault to tear the heart,
 And smile, and revel, o'er the smart,

To his the groan, to mock the prayer,
Alike their transport, and their care.

There Delicacy look'd, to meet 125
Compassion, at Neronian feet;
Compassion, puff'd in many a song,
And prov'd by impudence of tongue;
But found, deceiv'd by British breath,
To hope was woe, to trust was death. 130

Yet let not Indignation rude
Commix the worthless with the good:
Sweet Candour sings, with voice benign,
And smiles to pen the generous line,
Bright souls there were, who felt for woe, 135
And own'd the merit of a foe;
Bright British souls, with virtue warm'd,
To reason, and to kindness, charm'd,
Who sooth'd the wretch with tenderest care,
Their leaders spurn'd, and curs'd the war, 140
The sorrows wept of life's short span,
And felt the kindred ties of man.

Yet these, even these (let Pity's tale
Their errors, while it tells, bewail)
Thought sacred Duty's stern commands 145
Compell'd to ill their struggling hands.
Fond man! can Duty bid thee do
What thou must mourn, and others rue?
Are crimes a debt by Virtue paid?
Is God, where conscience shrinks, obey'd? 150
God, who from every ill restrains,
Tho' greatest good the guilt obtains;
Who, on the world's funereal day,
Will truth's divine award display,
Bid heaven, and earth, his vengeance see, 155
And judge thy guilty lord, and thee?

Meantime, on yonder hills, forlorn,
 The townsmen stood, with anguish torne,
 Anguish for those, they left behind,
 To fears, and ills, and foes, consign'd; 160
 The husband, for his darling mate;
 The father, for his children's fate;
 While prescience wrung with keenest throe,
 And fast enhanc'd suspended woe.
 When lo! dark-rolling thro' the skies, 165
 Unnumber'd smokes began to rise:
 His mansion, long to each endear'd,
 Where peace, and joy, alone appear'd,
 Where all the charities of life,
 Of parents, children, husband, wife, 170
 With softer, tenderest bosoms strove,
 For garlands, in the strife of love;
 The morn with brighter beauty dress'd;
 The evening gladden'd in the west;
 Bade each gay sun more gaily roll, 175
 And twin'd the sympathy of soul;
 That mansion, malice' seven-fold ire
 Now wrapp'd in swathes of circling fire,
 Scatter'd his darling bliss in air,
 And plung'd his heart in deep despair. 180
 O vilest of the crimes of War,
 Fell partner of his bloody car,
 Dread ill, to guilty mortals given,
 To mark the wrath of injur'd HEAVEN;
 O Conflagration! curse intire; 185
 The impoison'd sting of baffled ire;
 Of kings, of chiefs, th' immortal shame;
 The rasure of the reasoning name!
 From thee, no aid the victor gains;
 Nor wealth, nor strength, rewards his pains: 190
 The fear, he fondly hopes impress'd,
 Is chang'd to rage, in every breast:

The victim, maddening with his woe,
 With vengeance burns, a deadlier foe.
 'Tis thine, to glean the wastes of war, 195
 The landschape of HEAVEN's good to mar,
 Life's latest refuge to consume,
 And make the world a general tomb.

Say, Muse indignant! whose the hand
 That hurl'd the conflagrative brand? 200
 A foe to human feelings born,
 And of each future age the scorn,
 TRYON atchiev'd the deed malign,
 TRYON, the name of every sin.
 Hell's basest fiends the flame survey'd, 205
 And smil'd, to see destruction spread;
 While Satan, blushing deep, look'd on,
 And Infamy disown'd her son.

Now Night, of all her stars forlorn,
 Majestic, up the sky was borne. 210
 A cloud immense her misty car,
 Slow-sliding thro' the burden'd air;
 Her wreath of yew; a cypress wand
 Uplifted by her magic hand;
 Pale, shrouded fears her awful train, 215
 And spectres gliding on the plain:
 While Horror, o'er the fable world,
 His ensigns, thro' the expanse, unfurl'd.
 When lo! the southern skies around,
 Expanded wide, with turrets crown'd, 220
 With umber'd skirts, with wary gleam,
 Uprose an awful ridge of flame,
 Shed far it's dreary lustre round,
 And dimly streak'd the twilight ground,
 Dark clouds, with many a dismal stain, 225
 Hung hov'ring o'er the gleamy main;
 While deep, the distant, hollow roar
 Wav'd, echoing from the illumin'd shore;

And, from each heaven-directed spire,
Climb'd bending pyramids of fire. 230

Meantime, a storm, in western skies,
Thick, heavy, vast, began to rise,
Roll'd swift, on burden'd winds, along,
And brooded o'er the plundering throng,
In deeper night the heavens array'd 235
And stretch'd it's pall of boundless shade.
Forth shot the fierce and lurid flame,
(The world dim-rising in the beam)
Lessen'd the conflagrative spires,
And blended, with their light, it's fires. 240
Again new darkness spread the main,
The splendors bright'ning rose again.
The thunder, with earth-rending sound,
Shook every vale, and hill around ;
While, at each pause, with solemn voice, 245
The murmuring flames prolong'd the noise.
It seem'd, the final day was come,
The day of earth's protracted doom ;
The Archangel's voice began to call
The nations of this guilty ball ; 250
The hills to cleave ; the skies to rend ;
Tumultuous elements to blend ;
And HEAVEN, in pomp tremendous, came
To light the last, funereal flame.

The tumult pass'd, the morn's meek eye 255
Look'd soft, and silent, from the sky.
Still on their hills the townsmen stood,
And mark'd the scene of strife, and blood,
Watching the progress of the day,
That bore their plundering foes away 260
Tumultuous, to the darkening strand
From vengeance shrunk the guilty band,
With loads of spoil, retir'd in haste,
The spoil of domes, and churches, ras'd ;

Thence, to their ships, by boats convey'd,
 Their sails unfurl'd, their anchors weigh'd,
 Awak'd the Injurer's fullen ire,
 And brooded o'er another fire.

265

Each to his home, the townsmen flew,
 Where scenes of anguish met the view.
 Here spread the fink, still-blazing wall,
 And there stood, nodding to its fall:
 Here rose the slow-declining fire,
 And smoke, reluctant to expire;
 There sable brands lay scatter'd round,
 And ashes vile defac'd the ground.
 The fullen chimney frown'd alone;
 The sad winds breath'd a hollow groan:
 His joys were fled; his hopes were gone;
 His household driven to haunts unknown:
 There peaceful slumber'd Ruin wild,
 And Horror rear'd his head, and smil'd.

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O thou! whose heart, with kind design,
 Explores, and feels this honest line;
 Before thee, lo! a village stands,
 In misery plung'd by hostile hands.
 Such, such is war's pernicious rage,
 In every form, and clime, and age,
 It sweeps, where'er its horrors come,
 All human blessings to the tomb.
 Once, on this little spot, appear'd
 Whate'er the life of man endear'd,
 Peace, freedom, competence, and health,
 Enduring good, and real wealth;
 With Innocence, of tranquil breast,
 Their faithful friend, and constant guest;
 While all the village Virtues smil'd,
 And play'd, and sung their field-notes wild.
 The feast of temperate, household joy,
 That still delights, that cannot cloy,

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Went round the year. The husband's toil
 Still bade the field and garden smile ;
 With green adorn'd the vernal day ;
 Awak'd the tended flock to play ;
 Bade Summer lay his golden load, 305
 And Autumn drop his blooming good ;
 Of frost, compell'd the rage to cease,
 And charm'd the wintry storm to peace.
 Her toils to his the wife conjoin'd,
 With sweetest unity of mind ; 310
 Converted, all he earn'd, to good,
 The fleece to clothes, the corn to food ;
 Preserv'd, with watchful eye, the hoard ;
 With dainties crown'd the cheerful board ;
 In every labour claim'd her share ; 315
 And burnish'd joy, and gilded care ;
 And, with a sweet, supporting smile,
 Seren'd, and lessen'd, every ill.

Around, sustain'd, instructed, sway'd,
 Their little flock, as lambkins, play'd, 320
 With stripling sports, and smiling strife,
 Deceiv'd the thorny road of life ;
 Clasp'd the fond heart ; the bosom charm'd ;
 And Labour's icy sinews warm'd ;
 With blossom'd hopes enchanted pain, 325
 And life's brown autumn green'd again.
 The lovely scene the parents view'd,
 And daily saw their bliss renew'd,
 Beheld themselves, in theirs, revive,
 And thro' succeeding ages live. 330

Meantime, from house to house, went round
 The cup, with social pleasure crown'd ;
 The bliss, good neighbourhood bestows,
 Immingling joys, and soothing woes ;

The feast, with spicy fragrance, cheer'd ; 335
 With glee the evening hour endear'd ;
 Laid sickness on a downy bed ;
 And pillow'd soft the weary head ;
 Smooth'd the stern brow of angry Strife,
 And added balm to drooping life. 340

Here too, with fond, maternal hands,
 The school embrac'd her infant bands ;
 To wisdom led the early mind,
 Affections soft, and actions kind ;
 Prepar'd to fill the useful part, 345
 And form'd to worth the cultur'd heart.

And here, when beam'd the sabbath's ray,
 Bright earnest of immortal day,
 The bell the solemn warning rung ;
 The temple's doors unfolded hung : 350
 To pay, each grateful household came,
 Its tribute to th' Unutter'd Name ;
 And sent with heaven-directed eyes,
 United incense to the skies.

Where now, thou Child of Nature ! where 355
 Is gone this humble bliss sincere ?
 Lo ! guilty War has wasted all,
 And Ruin, summon'd at his call,
 Has marr'd the good, th' ETERNAL yields,
 And sown with salt the desert fields. 360

Such, Child of Nature ! such the scene,
 In every age, and clime, has been.
 Since Nimrod first the spoil began,
 Man still has toil'd to ruin man.
 Search, search, and tell me, what has most 365
 The toils, and powers, of men engross'd ?
 The nerves of suffering Labour strain'd ?
 Invention's richest channels drain'd ?

Awak'd, and fir'd, the immense design?
 Devour'd th' incalculable mine? 370
 And wing'd bold enterprise afar
 Through danger, death, and ruin? War,
Peace' lowly vale neglected lies,
 Unseen, or pass'd with glancing eyes.
 The cultur'd field, the mansion sweet, 375
 Where all the Loves, and Virtues meet,
 The calm, the meek, the useful life,
 The friend of man, the foe of strife,
 The heart to kindness tun'd, are things
 Too mean for statesmen, chiefs, and kings. 380
 For there no twining laurels bloom,
 Still verdant o'er the wintry tomb;
 No cliffs ambitious tempt to rise,
 And climb, and climb, to reach the skies;
 Nor fancy opes that bright abode, 385
 Where man's transfigur'd to a god.

Yet *here* whate'er the earth's wide field,
 Of comfort, hope, or joy, can yield,
 Whate'er benignant *SKIES* design'd,
 To nurse the form, or cheer the mind, 390
 Our being's scope, and use, and end,
 The arts, and acts, that life befriend,
 Whate'er adorns the reasoning name,
 Or emulates an angel's fame,
 The just, the good, the humble, thrive, 395
 And in *this sweet republic* live,

But these, too mean for kings, are seen
 For all the trains of kings too mean.
 For these no senate gold bestows;
 O'er these no statesman bends his brows; 400
 No garlands bloom, processions glare;
 Nor mobs, with idiot wonder, stare;

No heralds blazon them to fame;
They rise, they fall, without a name.

Thro' earth's immeasurable bounds, 405
Thro' time's interminable rounds,

Each day has heard the clarion roar;
Each land been bath'd in human gore.

The Egyptian rule, the Assyrian throne,
Was rear'd of spoils, and realms undone. 410

Greece redden'd earth around with blood,
And pour'd of woe an ocean flood;

Then pointed at herself the dart,
And brothers pierc'd a brother's heart.

The Persian ruin'd half mankind: 415
The Macedonian wept, to find,

While brooding o'er the wrecks of joy,
No new world left him, to destroy.

The structure mark of Rome's dread power!
Its marble bones! its cement gore! 420

Her sway the waste of human joy;
The art to plunder, and destroy;

A curse to earth's extended climes;
A web of madness, woes, and crimes!

Her towers were built by galled hands; 425
In blood her proud Pantheon stands;

Her triumphs shew'd the tyger's prey;
And corpses pav'd her Appian way.

In each tall temple's dread abode,
Pale spectres hover'd round the god, 430

(The injur'd ghosts of countless lands,
Cut off from life by Roman hands)

Hung round, and claim'd the spoils their own,
Shriek'd o'er their native realms undone,

Haunted each shrine, with livid stare, 435
And mingled groans with every prayer.

Nor less, in modern days, when art
Has led to nobler scenes the heart,

When science beams with vernal rays,
 And lights to bliss ten thousand ways, 440
 The Gospel, found in every tongue,
 Has peace, and sweet salvation, sung,
 The tyger charm'd to quit his prey,
 And taught the wolf with lambs to play—
 Still roars the trump's funereal sound; 445
 "To arms," the startled hills rebound;
 War's iron car in thunder rolls,
 From medial climes, to distant poles.

Amaz'd, see Europe, first of all,
 Proud Empress of this suffering ball, 450
 The sun of power, and arts refin'd,
 The boast, and beauty, of mankind,
 The work of death, and plunder, spread,
 And riot on th' untimely dead!

When, borne by winds of softest wing, 455
 Returns the life-renewing spring,
 The tempest flies to earth's far ends,
 And HEAVEN in peace and love descends,
 Shines in the sun's serener ray,
 Breathes in the balmy breath of May, 460
 Distills in earth-dissolving showers,
 And glows in rainbow-painted flowers,
 While wisdom works, while goodness warms,
 In sky-born tints, and angel forms,
 The new, the sweet, creation springs, 465
 And beauty blooms, and rapture sings:
 Fast swell the teeming feeds of food;
 The world is heap'd with boundless good:
 In every scene, the GODHEAD smiles,
 And man of rage, and lust, beguiles. 470
 Then beats the drum its fierce alarm;
 Then millions, fir'd to madness, arm,

Fight, plunder, desolate, devour,
And drench the wasted world in gore.

Whose name rolls down, from age to age? 475

Whose splendours light th' Historic page?

Who wakes th' inrapt Mæonian song?

Who prompts the universal tongue?

The world's great guardian, genius, god?

The Man of spoil, the Man of blood. 480

Cæsar, the butcher of mankind,

Loads with his praise each passing wind;

The general thief, adulterer, brute;

His boast to murder, waste, pollute;

Dread rival of Apollyon's fame; 485

His labours, arts, and praise, the same.

What most the heart with vice defiles;

Of worth disrobes; of heaven beguiles?

What bids in storms the passions roll;

Consigns to appetite the foul; 490

Bids Pride ascend th' ETERNAL's throne,

And claim the universe, her own;

Ambition's vulture-wing expands,

Borne, hungry, keen, o'er suffering lands;

The wide world talon'd to his sway, 495

A field of death, and food, and prey?

What lights, for fell Revenge, the pyre;

Of Malice heats the quenchless fire;

And lifts Assassination's knife

Against a friend's, or parent's, life? 500

What stretches Avarice' gulphy maw,

And opens wide her shark-tooth'd jaw,

Both India's bowels to devour,

To drink the sea, and gorge the shore;

Calls forth, in viper paths, Disguise, 505

And points her thousand tongues with lies;

Bold, bronzy Fraud invests in mail

And clips his weights, and lops his scale;

For Honour's house digs Forgery's mine,
 And guilds his green, impoisoning coin ; 510
 Breaks tyger Rapine's iron cage,
 And sends him loose, to roam, and rage ;
 Extortion rouses, from his lair,
 The cote t' o'erleap, the flock to tear,
 To make the fenceless poor his food, 515
 And eat their flesh, and drink their blood ?
 What fires, to phrenzy, Lewdness' veins ;
 Throws on Adultery's neck the reins ;
 Gives high-fed Rape at large to fly,
 And makes the world a general sty ; 520
 Peoples a realm with fots, and swine,
 And bids men live, to drink, and dine ;
 Tempts burrow'd Atheism abroad,
 To infuriate man, to hiss at God,
 To burst each moral bond divine, 525
 And nature's magic links disjoin,
 The sense of common good erase,
 Th' etherial stamp of HEAVEN deface,
 Dog gentle peace, bait generous worth,
 Haunt justice, truth, and law, from earth, 530
 And bid in hell's subjected fire,
 Religion's sky-built fane expire ?

What licks the final dregs of joy,
 And leaves th' inverted vessel dry ;
 Makes earth, of virtue besom'd clean, 535
 The cage of every beast obscene ;
 A ruin'd dome, whose walls around
 The hollow moan of death resound ;
 An Afric sand ; a Greenland shore ;
 Where life and comfort spring no more ; 540
 An image dark and drear of hell ;
 Where fiends, invok'd familiar dwell ;
 Where lost immortals Angels weep ;
 Where curses wake, and blessings sleep ;

And God, the rebels forc'd t' abhor, 545
Repents his marr'd creation? War.

Say, Child of Nature! does thy tear
Start, as thy pain'd eye wanders here?
Thy cheek with manly blushes burn?
Thy wonted praise to curses turn? 550
Thy bosom waste with cankering woe?
And thy heart heave th' indignant thro'?

Go then, ah go! whate'er thy lot;
Be thine the palace, or the cot,
To wield the rod, the yoke to bear, 555
A million, or a crown, to share,
The senate's guided hand to sway,
Or bid the little flock obey,
Go, ere thy heart be chang'd to stone,
Or ear find music in a groan, 560
Or gold the gates of pity bar,
Hate, curse, oppose, Tartarean war.
Disdain, despise, with horror name,
And give to never-dying shame,
The King, that thron'd for human good, 565
Consigns his realm to waste, and blood;
Senates, that, form'd for general weal,
Sanction the dread decree to kill;
Statesmen, to tygers chang'd by power,
That smile, and feast on human gore, 570
And chiefs, that havoc love to spread,
And pluck their wreaths from fields of dead.

But round thee gentle peace diffuse,
Her morning smiles, and evening dews;
Thy sons with love of peace inform; 575
Their hearts with sweet affections warm;
Bid them pernicious strife abhor,
And lisp the infant curse on war.

Far round thee light the genial fire ;
 Thy neighbours, and thy friends, inspire : 580
 United, lift the ardent prayer,
 That God thy ruin'd race may spare,
 Wake in their hearts affections mild,
 Sweet semblance of the meekly child,
 MESSIAH's peaceful sway extend, 585
 Bid kings, and chiefs, to virtue bend,
 Protract of life the little span,
 And change the reasoning wolf to man.

And O thou Sage, by Learning taught,
 With wisdom and with virtue fraught, 590
 Whose soul the breath of HEAVEN informs ;
 Whose heart MESSIAH's spirit warms ;
 Sleep, sleep no more. For suffering men,
 Awake thy voice ; arouse thy pen ;
 The cause of peace and kindness plead ; 595
 For misery let thy bosom bleed ;
 To endless hate and shame consign
 The tyger thron'd, the titled swine ;
 The charm of threescore centuries break,
 And bid the torpid slumberer wake ; 600
 Burst with new sound the adder's ear,
 And make th' insensate marble hear,
 His interest know, his end discern,
 And o'er his slaughter'd kindred yearn,
 Feel the unmeasur'd curse of war, 605
 And all her crimson fiends abhor :
 Tread where th' impassion'd saviour trod,
 And earth shall hail thee, Child of God.*

Go too, thou ardent Hero ! go,
 Fresh from fields of war, and woe, 610

* Allusion to Mat. 5. ix.

From thy proud, triumphal car,
 Glittering with the spoils of war,
 While thy wheels majestic roll
 Onward to th' immortal goal;
 While thy arms with lightning blaze ; 615
 While extatic millions gaze ;
 Shouts to heaven thy triumphs wing,
 And imagin'd angels sing ;
 Lessening in th' immense parade,
 All preceding glories fade, 620
 Cæsar's changing star retires,
 And eclips'd are Marlborough's fires ;
 Cast around thee searching eyes,
 Mark thy splendours, whence they rise !
 See, on fields, with corsees spread, 625
 Thine exulting courfers tread !
 See, thy car, with garlands proud,
 Rolls thro' streams of human blood !
 Blood from kindred bosoms pour'd !
 Brothers by a brother gor'd ! 630
 Forth, from Adam's veins, the stream,
 Living, ran through thee and them.

Mark ! around thy wandering eye,
 Wasted fields of culture lie,
 Late with plenteous harvests crown'd, 635
 Now in gulphs of ruin drown'd.
 There the HEAVENS their bounty shower'd ;
 Seasons there their blessings pour'd ;
 Health and comfort, clothes and food ;
 Where is now the boundless good ? 640

See yon flames thro' ether bend !
 See th' immense of smoke ascend !
 Lost, asham'd, the sky retires,
 And the sun withdraws his fires.

Cities there in ruin lie , 645
 Towns and villages of joy ;
 Temples, where, to virtue given,
 Man was form'd for life, and Heaven ;
 Domes of pomp, and seats of bliss
 Mansions sanctified to peace ; 650
 Cots, where harmless households dwelt,
 And each soft emotion felt ;
 Sportive play'd the wanton child,
 And white Age look'd on, and smil'd :
 Streets, were cheerful Business reign'd, 655
 Shops, where Toil his house sustain'd ;
 Humble wishes sought, and found
 Life, with peace and comfort crown'd.
 Where are now the mansions dear ?
 Scatter'd in the realms of air. 660
 Where are now the happy trains ?
 Weltering on the bloody plains.
 Ruin'd walls deface the ground ;
 Silence broods the domes around ;
 Ravens flutter o'er the tomb, 665
 Vultures scream, and tygers roam.

To the margin of the deep
 Bid thy wheels of grandeur sweep.
 See th' imperial sail, unfurl'd,
 Wave triumphant o'er the world ; 670
 Rows of sleeping cannon join'd ;
 Streamers glorying on the wind !

Lo ! the proudly-swelling gales,
 Springing, fill the wanton sails ;
 Marshal'd in sublime array, 675
 Winds the fleet its lordly way ;
 Ocean greets the awful train,
 And expands his glassy plain.

See the private barks of prey,
 Steal behind their creeping way ; 680
 Arm'd, with piracy to spoil
 Hard-earn'd fruits of honest toil ;
 By the voice of Law let loose,
 Death and beggary to diffuse ;
 With the dye of endless shame 685
 Blackening man's unhappy name !

Thron'd upon th' imperial stern,
 Death's unfinish'd Form discern !
 Sooty clouds his limbs inclose ;
 Thorns his mystic crown compose ; 690
 In his hand, th' uplifted dart
 Hastens to transfix the heart ;
 From his scythe, with lurid gleam,
 Pale sulphureous lightnings stream.

Hark, his hollow voice resounds, 695
 O'er the world's unmeasur'd bounds !
 Ocean quakes, thro' all his waves ;
 Earth remurmurs, from her caves.

" Cease, fond man ! thy claims resign ;
 Earth, with all her realms, is mine. 700
 Thron'd with all-subduing sway,
 Here I bid the world obey.
 Mine, these engines ocean brave ;
 Mine, these crimson streamers wave ;
 Mine, the winds to waft them blow ; 705
 Mine, the purple deep below.
 O'er the sea, from sky to sky,
 Mortals, wing'd by terror, fly :
 Here, to farthest eve, and morn,
 Death's resistless arms are borne ; 710
 Floating hosts behind you pour ;
 Hark ! pursuing thunders roar.

See your cities wrapp'd in fire !
 See your fons, and fires, expire !
 Infants, recent from the womb,
 Virgins, matrons, croud the tomb !
 Seas divided regions join :
 All the watery world is mine."

715

" I ordain the crimson day ;
 I the embattled hosts array ;
 Sound the trumpet, beat the alarm,
 And the heart with vengeance arm.
 I the ruddy standard spread,
 Pile the groaning fields with dead,
 Light the whelming flame, and sweep
 Every blessing to the deep.

720

725

" Man, delighting to destroy,
 Hating peace, and shunning joy,
 Man, who feels his life too long,
 Child of madness, child of wrong,
 Man, obsequious to my will,
 Loves the glorious work of ill,
 Cuts off half his brother's years,
 Swells my darling stream of tears,
 Bids destruction round him flow,
 Feasting sweet on human woe."

730

735

" Who so great a king as I ?
 My pavilion is the sky ;
 Earth my realm, my throne the air ;
 Winds my courfers ; clouds my car :
 Suns but light me to my prey ;
 Midnight veils my secret way :
 O'er expiring worlds I ride ;
 Dearth and Plague, before me stride :
 Storms, my befom, sweep the wave,
 And with thousands fill the grave ;

740

745

Chiefs and kings, my servants, toil,
Butcher hosts, and countries spoil :
Mortals every claim resign ;
Earth, air, ocean, all are mine."

750

Why, triumphant Hero ! why
Stares thy wild and tearless eye ?
Whence thy pale and spectred brow ?
Palsied limbs ? and sighs of woe ?
Has the gloomy monarch's dart
Pierc'd with agony thy heart ?
Or has human misery riven ?
Or the advancing curse of -HEAVEN ?

755

Thou hast shorten'd life's short span ;
Thou hast emptied earth, of man ?
Breasts unnumber'd rack'd with fears ;
Eyes unnumber'd drown'd in tears ;
Bidden countless trains expire ;
Countless cities sunk in fire ;
Countless hearts with mourning riven ;
Countless souls shut out of heaven.

760

765

Art thou Atheist ? Spare the span,
Kinder Chance allows to man.
Shallow is his cup of bliss ;
Make not, then, the portion less :
Grudge not foes a boon so small ;
Spare, oh spare the little all !

770

But, if rais'd from mole to man,
Thou canst nobler objects scan,
Lift thy curtain'd eyes abroad,
And discern the present God ;
If MESSIAH's solar ray
Through thy night has pierc'd it's way,
And, subliming sense to thought,
Has eternal wonders wrought ;

775

780

Think, oh think, the crimson tide
 Pours from those, for whom he died !
 He the millions bled to save,
 Thou hast hurried to the grave.
 He compels, with dread command, 785
 Every heart, and every hand,
 Man to clothe, sustain with food,
 And to bless with every good ;
 But, obdurate to his call,
 Thou hast slain, and robb'd of all. 790

Think how precious is the hour,
 Given, the wanderer to restore.
 Think, the heart shall ever find
 Pity from the ETERNAL MIND,
 That has learn'd for man to glow, 795
 Smile with joy, and weep with woe,
 Give the weary outcast rest,
 Draw the barb from Sorrow's breast,
 And (the sole, alchymic stone)
 Make a brother's weal it's own : 800
 While th' unfeeling wretch shall meet
 Vengeance at his MAKER's feet.

But thy heart, with ill uncloy'd,
 Woe has spread, and peace destroy'd,
 HEAVEN's delightful work undone, 805
 And the task of Hell begun.
 Orphans' cries thy car pursue ;
 Parents' tears thy path bedew ;
 Widows' shrieks thy music drown ;
 Cypress wreaths invest thy crown ; 810
 Spoils in all thy splendours glow ;
 Nurs'd with blood, thy laurels grow ;
 On the bones of slaughter'd bands
 See ! thy arch triumphal stands.

Lo ! in yonder, verging skies, 795
 Myriad troops of spectres rise ;
 Spirits of a distant world :
 By thy arm to ruin hurl'd.
 Bristling stands their bloody hair ;
 On thee gleams their angry stare ; 800
 In pale clouds approaching, see
 Every finger points at thee !
 " Thou," they feebly murmuring cry,
 " Thou hast drunk our cup of joy ;
 Ere the mortal race was run, 805
 Quench'd in blood our noon-day sun ;
 Halv'd the hour, by Mercy given,
 To prepare for life, and heaven ;
 And, with all our guilt unpaid,
 Plung'd us to the untimely dead." 810

Fainting Hero ! pangs unknown
 Break, and break, thy heart of stone ;
 Short, and shorter, pants thy breath,
 And thine eye-balls swim in death ;
 Death thy brow has whiten'd o'er ; 815
 Thou art fallen, to rise no more.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

GREENFIELD HILL:

A

P O E M.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Pequods inhabited the branches of the Thames, which empties itself into the Sound, at New London. This nation, from the first settlement of the English Colonists, regarded them with jealousy; and attempted to engage the neighbouring tribes in a combination against them. Several of those tribes were, however, more jealous of the Pequods, than of the English, and rejected their solicitations. Not discouraged by these disappointments, they resolved to attempt the destruction of the English, with the strength of their own tribes only; and cruelly assassinated Captains Stone, Norton, and Oldham, as they were trading peaceably in their neighbourhood. The English demanded the murderers; but were answered with disdain, and insult. Upon this, Captain Mason was dispatched into their country with a body of troops; and attacking one of their principal forts, destroyed it, together with a large number of their warriors. The rest of the nation fled. A large body of them came to a swamp, three miles westward of Fairfield. One of their number loitering behind the rest, was discovered by the English troops, then commanded by Captain Stoughton, of the Massachusetts; and was compelled to disclose their retreat. One hundred of them, it is said, surrendered. The rest, bravely resolving to live and die together, were attacked, and chiefly destroyed.* On this piece of History, the following part of the Poem is founded. It is introduced by reflections on the changes, wrought in the world by time. Ancient Empires. Great Britain. America. Story related, with reflections on the savages. Conclusion.

* See Neale's Hist. N. Eng. and Morse's Geog.

GREENFIELD HILL.

P A R T IV.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PEQUODS.

AH me! while up the long, long vale of time,
Reflection wanders towards th' eternal vast,
How starts the eye, at many a change sublime,
Unbosom'd dimly by the ages pass'd!
What Mausoleums crowd the mournful waste! 5
The tombs of empires fallen! and nations gone!
Each, once inscrib'd, in gold, with "AYE TO LAST"
Sate as a queen; proclaim'd the world her own,
And proudly cried, "By me no sorrows shall be known."
Soon fleets the sunbright Form, by man ador'd. 10
Soon fell the Head of gold, to Time a prey;
The Arms, the Trunk, his cankering tooth devour'd;
And whirlwinds blew the Iron dust away.
Where dwelt imperial Timur?—far astray,
Some lonely-musing pilgrim now enquires: 15
And, rack'd by storms, and hastening to decay,
Mohammed's Mosque foresees it's final fires;
And Rome's more lordly Temple day by day expires.

As o'er proud Asian realms the traveller winds,
 His manly spirit, hush'd by terror, falls ; 20
 When some deceased town's lost site he finds,
 Where ruin wild his pondering eye appals ;
 Where silence swims along the moulder'd walls,
 And broods upon departed Grandeur's tomb.
 Through the lone, hollow aisles sad Echo calls, 25
 At each slow step ; deep sighs the breathing gloom,
 And weeping fields, around, bewail their Empress' doom.

Where o'er an hundred realms, the throne uprose,
 The screech-owl nests, the panther builds his home ;
 Sleep the dull newts, the lazy adders doze, 30
 Where pomp and luxury danc'd the golden room.
 Low lies in dust the sky-resembled dome ;
 Tall grafs around the broken column waves ;
 And brambles climb, and lonely thistles bloom :
 The moulder'd arch the weedy streamlet laves,
 And low resound, beneath, unnumber'd funken graves.

Soon fleets the sun-bright Form, by man ador'd ;
 And soon man's dæmon chiefs from memory fade.
 In musty volume, now must be explor'd,
 Where dwelt imperial nations, long decay'd. 40
 The brightest meteors angry clouds invade ;
 And where the wonders glitter'd, none explain.
 Where Carthage, with proud hand, the trident sway'd,
 Now mud-wall'd cots sit fullen on the plain,
 And wandering, fierce, and wild, sequester'd Arabs reign. 45

In thee, O Albion ! queen of nations, live
 Whatever splendours earth's wide realms have known ;
 In thee proud Persia sees her pomp revive ;
 And Greece her arts ; and Rome her lordly throne :
 By every wind, thy Tyrian fleets are blown ; 50
 Supreme, on Fame's dread roll, thy heroes stand ;
 All ocean's realms thy naval scepter own ;

Of bards, of sages, how august thy band !
And one rich Eden blooms around thy garden'd land.

But O how vast thy crimes ! Through heaven's great year, 55
When few centurial suns have trac'd their way ;
When southern Europe, worn by feuds severe ;
Weak, doating, fallen, has bow'd to Russian sway ;
And setting Glory beam'd her farewell ray ;
To wastes, perchance, thy brilliant fields shall turn ; 60
In dust, thy temples, towers, and towns decay ;
The forest howl, where London's turrets burn ;
And all thy garlands deck thy sad, funereal urn.

Some land, scarce glimmering in the light of fame,
Scepter'd with arts, and arms (if I divine) 65
Some unknown wild, some shore without a name,
In all thy pomp, shall then majestic shine.
As silver-headed Time's slow years decline,
Not ruins only meet th' enquiring eye :
Where round yon mouldering oak vain brambles twine, 70
The filial stem, already towering high,
Erelong shall stretch his arms, and nod in yonder sky.

Where late resounded the wild, woodland roar,
Now heaves the palace, now the temple smiles ;
Where frown'd the rude rock, and the desert shore, 75
Now pleasure sports, and business want beguiles,
And Commerce wings her flight to thousand isles ;
Culture walks forth ; gay laugh the loaded fields ;
And jocund Labour plays his harmless wiles ;
Glad Science brightens ; Art her mansion builds ; 80
And Peace uplifts her wand, and HEAVEN his blessing yields.

O'er these sweet fields, so lovely now, and gay,
Where modest Nature finds each want supplied,
Where home-born Happiness delights to play,
And counts her little flock, with household pride, 85
Long frown'd, from age to age, a forest wide :

Here hung the slumbering bat ; the serpent dire
 Nestled his brood, and drank th' impoison'd tide ;
 Woives peal'd, the dark, drear night, in hideous choir ;
 Nor shrunk th' unmeasur'd howl from Sol's terrific fire. 90

No charming cot imbank'd the pebbly stream ;
 No mansion tower'd, nor garden teem'd with good ;
 No lawn expanded to the April beam ;
 Nor mellow harvest hung it's bending load ;
 Nor science dawn'd ; nor life with beauty glow'd ; 95
 Nor temple whiten'd, in th' enchanting dell ;
 In clusters wild, the sluggish wigwam stood ;
 And, borne in snaky paths, the Indian fell
 Now aim'd the death unseen, now scream'd the tyger-yell.

Even now, perhaps, on human dust I tread, 100
 Pondering, with solemn pause, the wrecks of time ;
 Here sleeps, perchance, among the vulgar dead,
 Some Chief, the lofty theme of Indian rhyme,
 Who lov'd Ambition's cloudy steep to climb,
 And smil'd, deaths, dangers, rivals, to engage ; 105
 Who rous'd his followers' souls to deeds sublime,
 Kindling to furnace heat vindictive rage,
 And soar'd Cæsarean heights, the Phoenix of his age.

In yon small field, that dimly steals from sight,
 (From yon small field these meditations grow) 110
 Turning the sluggish soil, from morn to night,
 The plodding hind, laborious, drives his plough,
 Nor dreams, a nation sleeps, his foot below.
 There, undisturbed by the roaring wave,
 Releas'd from wat, and far from deadly foe, 115
 Lies down, in endless rest, a nation brave,
 And trains, in tempests born, there find a quiet grave.

Oft have I heard the tale, when matron fere
 Sung to my infant ear the song of woe ;

Of maiden meek, consum'd with pining care, 120
 Around whose tomb the wild-rose lov'd to blow :
 Or told, with swimming eyes, how, long ago,
 Remorseless Indians, all in midnight dire,
 The little, sleeping village, did o'erthrow,
 Bidding the cruel flames to heaven aspire, 125
 And scalp'd the hoary head, and burn'd the babe with fire.

Then, fancy-fir'd, her memory wing'd it's flight,
 To long-forgotten wars, and dread alarms,
 To chiefs obscure, but terrible in fight,
 Who mock'd each foe, and laugh'd at deadliest harms, 130
 Sydneys in zeal, and Washingtons in arms.
 By instinct tender to the woes of man,
 My heart bewildering with sweet pity's charms,
 Thro' solemn scenes, with Nature's step, she ran,
 And hush'd her audience small, and thus the tale began. 135

" Thro' verdant banks where Thames's branches glide,
 Long held the Pequods an extensive sway;
 Bold, savage, fierce, of arms the glorious pride,
 And bidding all the circling realms obey.
 Jealous, they saw the tribes, beyond the sea, 140
 Plant in their climes ; and towns, and cities, rise ;
 Ascending castles foreign flags display ;
 Mysterious art new scenes of life devise ;
 And steeds insult the plains, and cannon rend the skies."

" They saw, and soon the strangers' fate decreed, 145
 And soon of war disclos'd the crimson sign ;
 First, hapless Stone ! they bade thy bosom bleed,
 A guiltless offering at th' infernal shrine :
 Then, gallant Norton ! the hard fate was thine,
 By ruffians butcher'd, and denied a grave : 150
 Thee, generous Oldham ! next the doom malign
 Arrested ; nor could all thy courage save ;
 Forfaken, plunder'd, cleft, and buried in the wave."

" Soon the sad tidings reach'd the general ear;
 And prudence, pity, vengeance, all inspire : 155
 Invasive war their gallant friends prepare;
 And soon a noble band, with purpose dire,
 And threatening arms, the murderous fiends require:
 Small was the band, but never taught to yield;
 Breasts fac'd with steel, and souls instinct with fire : 160
 Such souls, from Sparta, Persia's world repell'd,
 When nations pav'd the ground, and Xerxes flew the field."

" The rising clouds the Savage Chief descried,
 And, round the forest, bade his heroes arm;
 To arms the painted warriors proudly hied, 165
 And through surrounding nations rung the' alarm.
 The nations heard; but smil'd, to see the storm,
 With ruin fraught, o'er Pequod mountains driven;
 And felt infernal joy the bosom warm,
 To see their light hang o'er the skirts of even, 170
 And other suns arise, to gild a kinder heaven."

" Swift to the Pequod fortrefs Mason sped,
 Far in the wildering wood's impervious gloom;
 A lonely castle, brown with twilight dread;
 Where oft th' embowel'd captive met his doom, 175
 And frequent heav'd, around the hollow tomb;
 Scalps hung in rows, and whitening bones were strew'd;
 Where, round the broiling babe, fresh from the womb,
 With howls the Powaw fill'd the dark abode, 180
 And screams, and midnight prayers, invok'd the Evil god."

" There too, with awful rites, the hoary priest,
 Without, beside the moss-grown altar, stood,
 His sable form in magic cincture dress'd,
 And heap'd the mingled offering to his god,
 What time, with golden light, calm evening glow'd. 185
 The mystic dust, the flower of silver bloom,
 And spicy herb, his hand in order strew'd;

Bright rose the curling flame ; and rich perfume
On smoky wings upflew, or settled round the tomb."

" Then, o'er the circus, danc'd the maddening throng, 190
As erst the Thyas roam'd dread Nyssa round,
And struck, to forest notes, th' ecstatic song,
While flow, beneath them, heav'd the wavy ground.
With a low, lingering groan, of dying sound,
The woodland rumbled; murmur'd deep each stream; 195
Shrill sung the leaves; all ether sigh'd profound;
Pale tufts of purple topp'd the silver flame,
And many-colour'd Forms on evening breezes came."

" Thin, twilight Forms; attir'd in changing sheen
Of plumes, high-tinctur'd in the western ray; 200
Bending, they peep'd the fleecy folds between,
Their wings light-rustling in the breath of May.
Soft-hovering round the fire, in mystic play,
They snuff'd the incense, wav'd in clouds afar,
Then, silent, floated toward the setting day: 205
Eve reddened each fine form, each misty car;
And through them faintly gleam'd, at times, the Western star."

" Then (so tradition sings), the train behind,
In plummy zones of rainbow'd beauty dress'd,
Rode the Great Spirit, in th' obedient wind, 210
In yellow clouds slow-sailing from the west.
With dawning smiles, the God his votaries bless'd,
And taught where deer retir'd to ivy dell;
What chosen chief with proud command to' invest;
Where crept th' approaching foe, with purpose fell, 215
And where to wind the scout, and war's dark storm dispel."

" There, on her lover's tomb, in silence laid,
While still, and sorrowing, shower'd the moon's pale beam,
At times, expectant, slept the widow'd maid,
Her soul far-wandering on the sylph-wing'd dream. 220
Wafted from evening skies, on sunny stream,

Her darling Youth with silver pinions shone ;
 With voice of music, tun'd to sweetest theme,
 He told of shell-bright bowers, beyond the sun,
 Where years of endless joy o'er Indian lovers run." 225

" But now no awful rites, nor potent spell,
 To silence charm'd the peals of coming war ;
 Or told the dread recesses of the dell,
 Where glowing Mason led his bands from far :
 No spirit, buoyant on his airy car, 230
 Controul'd the whirlwind of invading fight :
 Deep died in blood, dun evening's falling star
 Sent sad, o'er western hills, it's parting light,
 And no returning morn dispers'd the long, dark night."

" On the drear walls a sudden splendour glow'd , 235
 There Mason shone, and there his veterans pour'd.
 Anew the Hero claim'd the fiends of blood,
 While answering storms of arrows round him shower'd,
 And the war-scream the ear with anguish gor'd.
 Alone, he burst the gate : the forest round 240
 Re-echoed death ; the peal of onset roar'd ;
 In rush'd the squadrons ; earth in blood was drown'd ;
 And gloomy spirits fled, and corse hid the ground."

Not long in dubious fight the host had striven,
 When, kindled by the musket's potent flame, 245
 In clouds, and fire, the castle rose to heaven,
 And gloom'd the world, with melancholy beam.
 Then hoarser groans, with deeper anguish, came ;
 And fiercer fight the keen assault repell'd :
 Nor even these ills the savage breast could tame ; 250
 Like hell's deep caves, the hideous region yell'd,
 'Till death, and sweeping fire, laid waste the hostile field."

" Soon the sad tale their friends surviving heard ;
 And Mason, Mason, rung in every wind :

Quick from their rugged wilds they disappear'd, 255
 Howl'd down the hills, and left the blast behind.
 Their fastening foes, by generous Stoughton join'd,
 Hung o'er the rear, and every brake explor'd;
 But such dire terror seiz'd the savage mind,
 So swift and black a storm behind them lowr'd, 260
 On wings of raging fear, thro' spacious realms they scowr'd."

(O thou, to earth the second blessing given,
 Of heart divine, of aspect angel-sweet,
 O meek Religion! second-born of Heaven,
 Cloth'd with the sun, the world beneath thy feet! 265
 Softer than lambs on yonder hillocks bleat,
 Thy music charms to kindness savage man,
 Since first, from Calvary's height, with love replete,
 Thy wondrous course, in sunny sheen, began,
 And, o'er the death-struck globe, thro' startled nations ran. 170

When pride and wrath awake the world to arms,
 How heaves thy snowy breast with fainting throe!
 While lust and rapine trumpet death's alarms,
 And men 'gainst men with fiery vengeance glow.
 In Europe oft, that land of war, and woe, 275
 As her sad steps the lingering mourner draws,
 How slowly did thy feet entangled go,
 Chain'd by vile tests, and prison'd round by laws;
 While bigotry and rage in blood insteep'd thy cause!

When o'er th' Atlantic wild, by Angels borne, 280
 Thy pilgrim barque explor'd it's western way,
 With spring and beauty bloom'd the waste forlorn,
 And night and chaos shrunk from new-born day.
 Dumb was the savage howl; th' instinctive lay
 Wav'd, with strange warblings, thro' the woodland's bound; 285
 The village smil'd; the temple's golden ray
 Shot high to heaven; fair culture clothed the ground;
 Art blossom'd; cities sprang; and sails the ocean crown'd.

As on heaven's sacred hill, of hills the queen;
 At thy command, contention foul shall cease, 290
 Thy solar aspect, every storm serene,
 And smooth the rugged wild of man to peace;
 So here thy voice (fair earnest of the bliss!)
 Transform'd the savage to the meekly child.
 Hell saw, with pangs, her hideous realm decrease; 295
 Wolves play'd with lambs; the tyger's heart grew mild;
 And on his own bright work the GODHEAD, look'd and smil'd.

Hail Elliot! Mayhew hail! by HEAVEN inform'd
 With that pure love, which clasps the human kind;
 To virtue's path even Indian feet you charm'd, 300
 And lit, with wisdom's beam, the dusky mind:
 From torture, blood, and treachery, refin'd,
 The new-born convert lisp'd MESSIAH's name.
 Mid Choirs complacent, in pure rapture join'd,
 Your praise resounds, on yonder starry frame, 305
 While souls, redeem'd from death, their earthly saviours claim.

Oh had the same bright spirit ever reign'd;
 Nor trader villains foul'd the Savage mind;
 Nor Avarice pin'd for boundless breadth of land;
 Nor, with slow death, the wretches been consign'd 310
 To India's curse, that poisons half mankind!
 Then, O divine Religion! torture's blaze
 Less frequent round thy tender heart had twin'd;
 On the wild wigwam peace had cast it's rays,
 And the tremendous whoop had chang'd to hymns of praise. 315

Fierce, dark, and jealous, is the exotic soul,
 That, cell'd in secret, rules the savage breast.
 There treacherous thoughts of gloomy vengeance roll,
 And deadly deeds of malice unconfess'd;
 The viper's poison rankling in it's nest. 320
 Behind his tree, each Indian aims unseen:
 No sweet oblivion soothes the hate impress'd:

Years fleet in vain : in vain realms intervene :
The victim's blood alone can quench the flames within.

Their knives the tawny tribes in slaughter steep, 325

When men, mistrustless, think them distant far ;
And, when blank midnight shrouds the world in sleep,
The murderous yell announces first the war.

In vain sweet smiles compel the fiends to spare ;
Th' unpitied victim screams, in tortures dire ; 330

The life-blood stains the virgin's bosom bare ;
Cherubic infants, limb by limb expire ;
And silver'd Age sinks down in slowly-curling fire.

Yet savages are men. With glowing heat,
Fix'd as their hatred, friendship fills their mind ; 335

By acts with justice, and with truth, replete,
Their iron breasts to softness are inclin'd.

But when could War of converts boast refin'd ?
Or when Revenge to peace and sweetness move ?
His heart, man yields alone to actions kind ; 340

His faith, to creeds, whose soundness virtues prove,
Thawn in the April sun, and opening still to love.

Senate august ! that sway'st Columbian climes,
Form'd of the wise, the noble, and humane,
Cast back the glance through long-ascending times, 245

And think what nations fill'd the western plain.
Where are they now ? What thoughts the bosom pain,

From mild Religion's eye how streams the tear,
To see so far outspread the waste of man,

And ask " How fell the myriads, HEAVEN plac'd here ! " 350
Reflect, be just, and feel for Indian woes severe.

But cease, foul Calumny ! with footy tongue,
No more the glory of our fires belie.

They felt, and they redress'd, each nation's wrong ;
Even Pequod foes they view'd with generous eye ; 355

And, pierc'd with injuries keen, that Virtue try,

The savage faith, and friendship, strove to gain :
 And, had no base Canadian fiends been nigh,
 Even now soft Peace had smil'd on every plain,
 And tawny nations liv'd, and own'd MESSIAH's reign.) 360

" Amid a circling marsh, expanded wide,
 To a lone hill the Pequods wound their way;
 And none, but Heaven, the mansion had descried,
 Close-tangled, wild, impervious to the day ;
 But one poor wanderer, loitering long astray, 365
 Wilder'd in labyrinths of pathless wood,
 In a tall tree embower'd, obscurely lay :
 Strait summon'd down, the trembling suppliant show'd
 Where lurk'd his vanish'd friends, within their drear abode."

" To death, the murderers were anew requir'd, 370
 A pardon proffer'd, and a peace assur'd ;
 And, though with vengeful heat their foes were fir'd,
 Their lives, their freedom, and their lands, secur'd.
 Some yielding heard. In fastness strong immur'd,
 The rest the terms refus'd, with brave disdain, 375
 Near, and more near, the peaceful Herald lur'd ;
 Then bade a shower of arrows round him rain,
 And wing'd him swift, from danger, to the distant plain."

" Through the sole, narrow way, to vengeance led,
 To final fight our generous heroes drew ; 380
 And Stoughton now had pass'd the moor's black shade,
 When hell's terrific region scream'd anew.
 Undaunted, on their foes they fiercely flew ;
 As fierce, the dusky warriors crowd the fight ;
 Despair inspires ; to combat's face they glue ; 385
 With groans, and shouts, they rage, unknowing flight,
 And close their sullen eyes, in shades of endless night."

Indulge, my native land ! indulge the tear,
 That steals, impassion'd, o'er a nation's doom :

To me each twig, from Adam's stock, is near, 390
 And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb.
 And, O ye Chiefs! in yonder starry home,
 Accept the humble tribute of this rhyme.
 Your gallant deeds, in Greece, or haughty Rome,
 By Maro sung, or Homer's harp sublime, 395
 Had charm'd the world's wideround, and triumph'd over time.

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

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THOMAS BENT
GREENFIELD HILL:

A

P O E M.

THE ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT introduced. Description of a happy village in New England. Character of the Clergyman. He gives his last advice, and blessing, to his Parishioners—recites his past, affectionate and faithful labours for their salvation, and proposes to close them with his last exhortation—estimates the pleasures of sin, and the value of the present life, and urges them to seek eternal life—informs them, that two endless journeys lie before them—of virtue, which guides to happiness; and of sin, which terminates in misery—and describes the nature of both. As means of salvation, he exhorts them to read the Bible, with diligence and care; to frequent public worship; to establish family religion, in their houses; religiously to educate their children; and to abound in all the duties of charity. He further informs them, that all things are labouring to promote this great purpose; recites to them the affectionate invitations of the Redeemer; and represents his own future happiness, as increased by their salvation. Conclusion.

GREENFIELD HILL.

P A R T V.

THE CLERGYMAN'S ADVICE TO THE VILLAGERS.

WHILE thus, from winter's transient death,
The world revives to life, and breath ;
While round me all your blessings rise,
And peace, and plenty, greet my eyes ;
Ah say ! ye children of my care, 5
Of every wish, of every prayer,
Ordain'd my sacred charge below,
The source of joy, the source of woe,
Say, shall my heart on landscapes muse,
And scenes of nobler kind refuse ; 10
Alone for hapless Indians feel ;
Forget, in others woes, your weal,
Unmov'd, behold your footsteps roam,
Nor guide the wayward pilgrim home ?
No, let the moral song prevail ; 15
Lift, lift, to truth's persuasive tale.
While Heaven, by hoary Wisdom sung,
Inspires my heart, and tunes my tongue,

Oh hear, and from perdition rise,
And point your pathway to the skies !

20

Where western Albion's happy clime
Still brightens to the eye of time,
A village lies. In all his round,
The sun a fairer never found.
The woods were tall, the hillocks green,
The vallies laugh'd the hills between,
Thro' fairy meads the rivers roll'd,
The meadows flower'd in vernal gold,
The days were bright, the mornings fair,
And evening lov'd to linger there.
There, twinn'd in brilliant fields above,
Sweet sisters ! sported Peace and Love ;
While Virtue, like a blushing bride,
Seren'd, and brighten'd, at their side.

25

30

At distance from that happy way,
The path of sensual Pleasure lay,
Afar Ambition's summit rose,
And Avarice dug his mine of woes.

35

The place, with east and western sides,
A wide and verdant street divides :
And here the houses fac'd the day,
And there the lawns in beauty lay.
There, turret-crown'd, and central, stood
A neat, and solemn house of God.
Across the way, beneath the shade,
Two elms with sober silence spread,
The Preacher liv'd. O'er all the place
His mansion cast a Sunday grace ;
Dumb stillness fate the fields around ;
His garden seem'd a hallow'd ground ;
Swains ceas'd to laugh aloud, when near,
And school-boys never sported there.

40

45

50

In the same mild, and temperate zone,
 Twice twenty years, his course had run,
 His locks of flowing silver spread, 55
 A crown of glory o'er his head.
 His face, the image of his mind,
 With grave, and furrow'd wisdom shin'd;
 Not cold; but glowing still, and bright;
 Yet glowing with October light: 60
 As evening blends, with beauteous ray,
 Approaching night with shining day.

His Cure his thoughts engross'd alone:
 For them his painful course was run:
 To bless, to save, his only care; 65
 To chill the guilty soul with fear;
 To point the pathway to the skies,
 And teach, and urge, and aid, to rise;
 Where strait, and difficult to keep,
 It climbs, and climbs, o'er Virtue's steep. 70

As now the evening of his day,
 Retiring, smil'd it's warning ray;
 He heard, in angel-whispers, come,
 The welcome voice, that call'd him home.
 The little flock he nurs'd so long, 75
 And charm'd with mercy's sweetest song,
 His heart with strong affections warm'd,
 His love provok'd, his fears alarm'd—
 Like him, who freed the chosen band,
 Like him, who op'd the promis'd land, 80
 His footsteps verging on the grave,
 His blessing thus the Prophet gave.

" O priz'd beyond expression here,
 As sons belov'd, as daughters dear,
 Your Father's dying voice receive, 85
 My counsels hear, obey, and live!"

" For you my ceaseless toils ye know,
 My care, my faithfulness, and woe.
 For you I breath'd unnumber'd prayers;
 For you I shed unnumber'd tears;
 To living springs the thirsty led,
 The hungry cheer'd with living bread;
 Of grief allay'd the piercing smart,
 And sooth'd with balm the doubting heart;
 The wayward flock forbade to roam,
 And brought the wandering lambkin home." 95

" And now, my toils, my duties done,
 My crown of endless glory won,
 Ev'n while, invited to the skies,
 My wing begins through heaven to rise,
 One solemn labour still is due,
 To close a life, consum'd for you." 100

" Say, what the gain? Oh search, and say!—
 To tread the fatal, sensual way?
 To bristle down in pleasure's sty? 105
 To heap up silver, mountains high?
 With guilt to climb, with anguish keep,
 Ambition's proud, and painful steep?
 Should earth for your enjoyment roll,
 Can earth redeem the deathless soul?" 110

" This little life, my children! say,
 What is it? A departing day;
 An April morn, with frost behind;
 A bubble, bursting on the wind;
 A dew, exhal'd beneath the sun; 115
 A tale rehears'd; a vision gone."

" How oft too, in the bright career,
 Which Pride, and Pleasure wanton here,
 While Hope expands her painted wing,
 And all around is health, and spring; 120

How oft resounds the awful knell,
 That seals to life a long farewell,
 " " Thou fool ! dissolv'd in guilt and sense,
 This night, thy soul is summon'd hence." "

" Yet on this little life depend 125
 Blessings, and woes, which cannot end.
 For Faith and Penitence below,
 Immortal life and rapture glow ;
 For harden'd guilt, eternal ire,
 And waves, that surge unfathom'd fire." 130

" Then rise from death's benumbing sleep !
 See, spread beneath, the yawning deep !
 Oh rise ! and let salvation call
 Your time, your thoughts, and talents all."

" Two only paths before you spread ; 135
 And long the way, your feet must tread.
 This strait, and rough, and narrow, lies
 The course direct to yonder skies.
 And now o'er hills, on hills, you climb,
 Deserted paths, and cliffs sublime ; 140
 And now thro' solitudes you go,
 Thro' vales of care, and streams of woe.
 Tho' oft you wander sad, forlorn,
 The mark of spite, the butt of scorn ;
 Yet your's the sweets, that cannot cloy, 145
 The SAVIOUR's peace, the Seraph's joy ;
 While nurture HEAVEN itself supplies,
 And fruits depend, and springs arise ;
 And Health and Temperance, sisters gay,
 Despise the lessening length of way ; 150
 And sweet, tho' rare, companions smile,
 Deceive the road, and lose the toil ;
 And Hope still points th' approaching goal,
 As magnets tremble to the pole."

" As now at hand the realm appears, 155
 Where pains retire, and cares, and tears,
 Then smooths the rough, the rude refines,
 The desert blooms, the steep declines;
 Then bright, and brighter, spreads the plain,
 Where Love begins her vernal reign. 160
 And sweet as music of the skies,
 When hymns of blest'd Redemption rise,
 Your FATHER's welcome hails you home;
 The LAMB, the SPIRIT bid you come;
 And all the Family around 165
 Salute you to the blissful ground,
 The heirs of life, the sons of God,
 And trophies of their SAVIOUR's blood."

" Full wide the other path extends,
 And round, and round, serpentine bends. 170
 To sense, bewitching flow'rets bloom,
 And charm, and cheat, with strange perfume;
 Fruits hang dissolving poison nigh,
 And purpling death enchants the eye.
 Companions, frolicksome and gay, 175
 Laugh jocund on the downward way,
 With wiles entice a thoughtless throng,
 And, blinded, lead the blind along,
 Where smooth, and treacherous, and steep,
 It slides, impending, to the deep." 180

" At length, where Death dominion holds,
 A wide and gloomy gate unfolds—
 Thro' solitudes immensely spread,
 The mourning mansions of the dead,
 A dreary tomb, that knows no bound, 185
 A midnight hung eternal round,
 Their journey winds—No friend appears
 To dry the stream of endless tears.

Sweet Hope, that sooth'd their pains before,
 Returns to soothe their pains no more. 190
 Thro' the long night, the eye looks on,
 But meets with no returning sun ;
 While Peace resigns to blank Despair,
 And light is chang'd to darkness there."

" Then rise, and let salvation call 195
 Your time, your thoughts, your talents all !"

" For this, the sacred page explore,
 Consult, and ponder, o'er and o'er ;
 The words of endless life discern ;
 The way, the means, the motives, learn ; 200
 The hopes, the promises, enjoy,
 That ne'er deceive, that cannot cloy ;
 Alarms to Guilt's obdurate mind ;
 Perennial bliss to Faith assign'd ;
 The precepts, by MESSIAH given ; 205
 His life, the image bright of Heaven ;
 His death, self-ruin'd man to save ;
 His rise, primal, from the grave ;
 Beyond all other love, his love ;
 His name, all other names above. 210
 All duties to be learn'd, or done,
 All comforts to be gain'd, or known,
 To do, to gain, unceasing strive,
 The book of books explore, and live,"

" When smiles the Sabbath's genial morn, 215
 Instinctive to the Temple turn ;
 Your households round you thither bring,
 Sweet off'ring to the SAVIOUR KING.
 There, on the mercy-seat, he shines,
 Receives our souls, forgets our sins, 220
 And welcomes, with resistless charms,
 Submitting rebels to his arms.

That chosen, blest'd, accepted day
Oh never never cast away !"

" Let order round your houses reign, 225
Religion rule, and peace sustain ;
Each morn, each eve, your prayers arise,
As incense fragrant, to the skies ;
In beauteous groupe, your children join,
And servants share the work divine : 230
The voice, as is the interest, one,
And one the blessing wrestled down."

" Each toil devote, each care, and pain,
Your children for the skies to train.
Allure, reprove, instruct, reclaim, 235
Alarm, and warn, commend, and blame ;
To virtue force with gentle sway,
And guide, and lead, yourselves, the way.
Teach them, profaneness, falshood, fraud,
Abuse to man, affronts to God, 240
All things impure, obscene, debas'd,
Tho' oft with high examples grac'd,
To shun beyond the adder's breath,
When hissing instantaneous death ;
But justice, truth, and love, to prize, 245
Beyond the transports of the skies."

" Teach them, that, brighter than the sun,
Th' All-searching Eye looks flaming on,
Each thought, each word, each act, describes,
And sees the guilty motives rise ; 250
A Witness, and a Judge, that day,
Whose light shall every heart display.
Live what you teach—the heavenly SEER,
Who spake, as man ne'er spake, when here,
Taught all things just, and wise, and true, 255
Shone, a divine example too."

" To all, around, your blessings lend,
 The sick relieve, the poor befriend,
 The sad console, the weak sustain,
 And soothe the wounded spirit's pain. 260
 To you, think every blessing given,
 To shed abroad the alms of HEAVEN,
 To blunt the stings of human woe,
 And build his kingdom, here below.
 Let gentle Peace around you reign, 265
 Her influence spread, her cause sustain :
 To railing, answers mild return ;
 Let love, oppos'd to anger, burn :
 Contention, ere begun, suppress,
 And bid the voice of party cease. 270
 The taleful tongue, the meddling mind,
 The jealous eye, the heart unkind,
 Far distant, far, from you remove ;
 But ope your doors to Truth, and Love :
 The meek esteem, the humble praise, 275
 And Merit from her footstool raise."

" By every act of peace, and love,
 Thus win your way to climes above.
 In this great work, see all things strive !
 Nature toils that you may live : 280

" Lo, to aid you to the skies,
 Seasons roll, and suns arise ;
 Promis'd, see the feed-time come,
 And the harvest shouted home !"

" All things, in their solemn round, 285
 Morn, with peace and beauty crown'd,
 Eve, with sweet, returning rest,
 Toil, with health and plenty blest'd,
 Help you on the ascending road,
 Pointing, leading, still to God : 290

Joys to endless rapture charm;
Woos, of endless woe, alarm."

" All things toil, that you may live——
Rulers peace and freedom give :
Seers diviner peace proclaim,
Glorious to th' Unutter'd NAME,
Good, to guilty mortals given,
Source of endless joy to heaven."

295

" See the Sabbath's peaceful morn,
(Sabbaths still for you return),
Opes the Temple to your feet,
Chaunting sounds of Seraphs sweet——

300

" Heaven unfolds, and God is near,
Sinners haste, and enter here"—

Grace and truth, from worlds above,
Fruits of suffering, dying love,
From the SACRED SPIRIT come,
Wilder'd flocks inviting home."

305

" Hark, what living music plays !
Catch the themes of heavenly praise ;
Themes, that tune seraphic strings,
Notes, the bless'd REDEEMER sings."

310

" " Rise, my sons, and hither haste !
Wintry time is overpass'd.

See afar the rains have flown !

315

See immortal spring begun !

Streams with life and rapture flow ;

Fruits with life and rapture glow ;

Love the door of life unbars ;

Triumphs crown your finish'd wars :

320

Fondly wait impatient skies,

O'er you to renew their joys."

" " Are you naked ? here behold
Robes of light, and crowns of gold !

Famish'd? an eternal feast! 325
 Weary? everliving rest!
 Friendless? an ALMIGHTY FRIEND!
 Hopeless? transports ne'er to end!"

" Children, penitents, arise;
 Hasten to your native skies: 330
 Your arrival all things sing;
 Angels meet you on the wing;
 Saints with fairer beauty shine;
 Brighter years in heaven begin;
 Round the SUN, that lights the skies,
 More refulgent glories rise." 335

" Thus, O my sons! MESSIAH's voice
 Allures to never dying joys.
 That voice of endless love receive;
 Those counsels hear, obey, and live." 340

" Thus, from the climes beyond the tomb
 If GOD permit my soul to come,
 Again my little flock to view,
 To watch, and warn, and quicken you,
 With transport shall my bosom glow, 345
 To see each house an heaven below,
 My sons ambitious of the skies,
 And future saints, and angels rise.
 And O, what brighter bliss shall bloom,
 To hail you victors o'er the tomb; 350
 To guide you, all th' unmeasur'd way,
 And welcome to the gates of day;
 To hear your blessed Euge found,
 And see th' immortals smile around;
 To stand, to shine, by you confess'd 355
 Your friend your earthly saviour blest'd;
 To mingle joys, all joys above,
 And warm with ever-bright'ning love!"

He spoke. The filial tear around,
Responsive, trickled to the sound ;
He saw their hearts to wisdom won,
And felt his final duty done—
“ JESUS! my soul receive”—he cried,
And smil'd, and bow'd his head, and died.

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

GREENFIELD HILL

THE ARGUMENT

GREENFIELD HILL:

P O E M.

THE ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. *Farmer introduced. Villagers assembled. He recommends to them an industrious and economical life, the careful education and government of their children, and particularly the establishment of good habits in early life; enjoins upon them the offices of good neighbourhood, the avoidance of litigation, and the careful cultivation of parochial harmony. Conclusion.*

GREENFIELD HILL.

P A R T VI.

THE FARMER'S ADVICE TO THE VILLAGERS.

YE children of my fondest care,
With tenderest love, and frequent prayer,
This solemn charge, my voice has given,
To prompt, and guide, your steps to heaven.
Your present welfare now demands
A different tribute, from my hands.

5

Not long since liv'd a Farmer plain,
Intent to gather honest gain,
Laborious, prudent, thrifty, neat,
Of judgment strong, experience great,
In solid homespun clad, and tidy,
And with no coxcomb learning giddy.
Daily, to hear his maxims sound,
Th' approaching neighbours flock'd around ;
Daily they saw his counsels prove
The source of union, peace, and love,
The means of prudence, and of wealth,
Of comfort, cheerfulness, and health :

10

15

And all, who follow'd his advice,
Appear'd more prosperous, as more wise. 20

Wearied, at length, with many a call,
The sage resolv'd to summon all :
And gathering, on a pleasant monday,
A crowd, not always seen on funday,
Curious to hear, while hard they press'd him, 25
In friendly terms, he thus address'd 'em.

" My friends, you have my kindest wishes ;
Pray think a neighbour not officious,
While thus, to teach you how to live,
My very best advice I give." 30

" And first, *industrious* be your lives ;
Alike employ'd yourselves, and wives :
Your children, join'd in labour gay,
With something useful fill each day.
Those little times of leisure save, 35
Which most men lose, and all men have ;
The half days, when a job is done ;
The whole days, when a storm is on.
Few know, without a strict account,
To what these little times amount : 40
If wasted, while the same your cost,
The sums, you might have earn'd, are lost."

" Learn *small things never to despise* :
You little think how fast they rise.
A rich reward the mill obtains, 45
"Tho' but two quarts a bushel gains :
Still rolling on it's steady rounds,
The farthings soon are turn'd to pounds."

" Nor *think a life of toil severe* :
No life has blessings so sincere. 50
It's meals so luscious, sleep so sweet,
Such vigorous limbs, such health complete,

A mind so active, brisk, and gay,
 As his, who toils the livelong day.
 A life of sloth drags hardly on;
 Suns set too late, and rise too soon;
 Youth, manhood, age, all linger flow,
 To him, who nothing has to do.
 The drone, a nuisance to the hive,
 Stays, but can scarce be said to live;
 And well the bees, those judges wise,
 Plague, chase, and sting him, 'till he dies.
Lawrence, like him, tho' fav'd from hanging,
 Yet every day deserves a banging."

" Let *order* o'er your time preside,
 And *method* all your business guide.
 Early begin, and end, your toil;
 Nor let great tasks your hands embroil.
 One thing at once, be still begun,
 Contriv'd, resolv'd, pursued, and done.
 Hire not, for what yourselves can do;
 And send not, when yourselves can go;
 Nor, 'till to-morrow's light, delay
 What might as well be done to-day.
 By steady efforts all men thrive,
 And long by moderate labour live;
 While eager toil, and anxious care,
 Health, strength, and peace, and life, impair."

" What thus your hands with labour earn,
 To *save*, be now your next concern.
 Whate'er to health, or real use,
 Or true enjoyment, will conduce,
 Use freely, and *with pleasure* use;
 But ne'er the gifts of HEAVEN abuse:
 I joy to see your treasur'd stores,
 Which smiling Plenty copious pours;

Your cattle sleek, your poultry fine,
 Your cider in the tumbler shine,
 Your tables, smoking from the hoard,
 And children smiling round the board. 90
 All rights to use in you conspire;
 The labourer's worthy of his hire.
 Ne'er may that hated day arrive,
 When worse yourselves, or your's, shall live;
 Your dress, your lodging, or your food, 95
 Be less abundant, neat, or good;
 Your dainties all to market go,
 To feast the epicure, and beau;
 But ever on your tables stand,
 Proofs of a free and happy land." 100

" Yet still, with prudence, wear, and taste;
 Use what you please, but nothing waste:
 On little, better far to live,
 Than, poor and pitied, much survive.
 Like ants, lay something up in store, 105
 Against the winter of threescore.
 Disease may long your strength annoy;
 Weakness and pain your limbs destroy;
 On sorrow's bed your households lie;
 Your debtors fail, your cattle die; 110
 Your crops untimely seasons kill,
 And life be worn with many an ill."

" Lo too, your little flocks demand
 Much from the kind parental hand;
 Your sons or learning, trades, or farms; 115
 Your daughter's portions, with their charms:
 From prudence, this provision flows,
 And all, from little savings, grows."

" And, O ye fair! this toil demands
 The efforts of your faithful hands. 120

If wealth, your husband's hearts are wishing,
Of you, they first must ask permission.

By HEAVEN conjoin'd, to gain, and have,
'Tis their's to earn; 'tis yours to save :

Whatever from their labour grows, 125
Careful, you keep, but, heedless, lose."

" 'Tis folly in th' extreme, *to till*
Extensive fields, and till them ill.

The farmer, pleas'd, may boast aloud
His bushels sown, his acres plough'd ; 130

And, pleas'd, indulge the cheering hope,
That time will bring a plenteous crop.

Shrewd Common-sense sits laughing by,
And sees his hopes abortive die :

For, when maturing seasons smile, 135
Thin sheaves shall disappoint his toil.

Advis'd, this empty pride expel ;
Till little, and that little well.

Of taxes, fencing, toil, no more,
Your ground requires, when rich, than poor ; 140

And more one fertile acre yields,
Than the huge breadth of barren fields.

That mould, the leaves, for ages, spread,
Is, long since, with the forests, fled ;

That slender ploughing, trifling care, 145
No longer will your fields prepare.

Some new manure must now be found ;
Some better culture fit the ground.

Oft turn the soil to feel the weather ;
Manure from every quarter gather, 150

Weeds, ashes, Paris-plaster, lime,
Marle, sea-weed, and the harbour slime.

Like Germans bid your acres thrive ;
But not like stinting Germans live.

" Let every grass of kindly seed
Exterminate the noisome weed ;

The clover round your pastures blow ;
 The rye-grass o'er your meadows bow :
 Hence the rich mow your barns shall fill ;
 Hence with rich green your pastures smile ; 160
 The ox, untir'd, his toil sustain,
 And fat steers frisk it, o'er the plain."

" *Your herds feed well, increase, amend,*
 And from the wintery storm defend.
 No source will surer profit give, 165
 Or furnish easier means to live.
 The grazier hugs his cool retreat,
 And smiles, to see the farmer sweat ;
 To see much labour little yield,
 The gleanings of a worne-out field ; 170
 While glistening beeves around him sport,
 And drovers to his house resort ;
 Manur'd, huge swarths his meadows load,
 And heavy harvests proudly nod."

" Let *useful flocks* your care demand, 175
 Best riches of the happy land.
 From them, shall swell the fleecy store,
 And want, and rags, depart your door ;
 Your daughters find a sweet employ,
 And, singing, turn the wheel with joy : 180
 With homespun rich the loom be gay ;
 Your households clad in bright array ;
 And female toil more profit yield,
 Than half the labours of the field."

" When first the market offers well, 185
At once your yearly produce sell.
 A higher price you wait in vain,
 And ten times lose, where once you gain.
 The dog, that at the shadow caught,
 Miss'd all he had, and all he sought. 190

Less, day by day, your store will grow,
 Gone, you scarce know or when, or how;
Interest will eat, while you delay,
 And vermin steal your hopes away.
 In parcels fold, in ways unknown,
 It melts, and, unobserv'd, is gone.
 No solid purpose dribblets aid,
 Spent, and forgot, as soon as paid:
 The sum, a year's whole earnings yield,
 Will pay a debt, or buy a field."

195

200

" *In time*, whate'er your needs require,
 Lay in, of *clothing, food, or fire*.
 Your cellars, barns, and granaries fill;
 Your wood, in winter, round you pile:
 Let spring ne'er see th' exhausted mow,
 Or oxen faint, before the plough;
 Nor summer, when it's hurries come,
 Your wood, in harvest, carted home."

205

" Along the side of sloping hills,
 Conduct your numerous living rills.
 Thence bid them, sweetly-wandering, flow,
 To wake the grass, in fields below.
 Rich meadows in their course shall spring,
 And mowers whet the scythe, and sing."

210

" Look round, and see *your wood's decay'd*,
 Your fuel scarce, your timber fled.
 What groves remain with care enclose,
 Nor e'er to biting herds expose.
 Your store with planted nuts renew,
 And acorns o'er each barren strew.
 Tho' spring now smiles, yet winter's blast
 Will soon the frozen skies o'erblast;
 And, pinch'd, your children crowding nigher,
 Hang shivering o'er the scanty fire:

215

220

Rouse ! your reluctant sloth o'ercome,
And bid reviving forests bloom."

225

" Yearly the house, the barn, the fence,
Demand *much care*, and *some expence*.
Small sums, in time, with prudence paid,
Will profit more than great, delay'd :
Each year's decays in time repair,
Nor foolish waste, thro' want of care."

230

" *Neat be your farms* : 'tis long confess'd,
The neatest farmers are the best.
Each bog, and marsh, industrious drain,
Nor let vile balks deform the plain ;
No bushes on your headlands grow,
Nor briars a sloven's culture show.
Neat be your barns ; your houses neat ;
Your doors be clean ; your court-yards sweet ;
No moss the sheltering roof inshroud ;
No wooden panes the window cloud ;
No filthy kennel foully flow ;
Nor weeds with rankling poison grow :
But shades expand, and fruit-trees bloom,
And flowering shrubs exhale perfume.
With pales, your garden circle round ;
Defend, enrich, and clean, the ground :
Prize high this pleasing, useful rood,
And fill with vegetable good."

235

240

245

250

" *With punctual hand your taxes pay*,
Nor put far off the evil day.
How soon to an enormous size,
Taxes, succeeding taxes, rise !
How easy, one by one, discharg'd !
How hardly, in the mass enlarg'd !
How humbling the intrusive dun !
How fast, how far, th' expences run !

255

Fees, advertisements, travel, cost,
 And that sad end of all, the post ! 260
 This gulph of quick perdition flee,
 And live, from duns and bailiffs free."

" In *merchants' books*, from year to year,
Be cautious how your names appear.
 How fast their little items count ! 265
 How great, beyond your hopes, th' amount !
 When shelves, o'er shelves, inviting stand,
 And wares allure, on either hand ;
 While round, you turn enchanted eyes,
 And feel a thousand wants arise, 270
 (Ye young, ye fair, these counsels true
 Are penn'd for all, but most for you),
 Ere Fancy lead your hearts astray,
 Think of the means you have, to pay ;
 What wants are nature's ; fancy's what ; 275
 What will yield real good, when bought ;
 What certain, future means you find,
 To cancel contracts, left behind ;
 What means to make the first of May
 To you, and your's, a welcome day." 280

" To you, let *each returning spring*
That day of certain reckoning bring ;
 All debts to cancel, books t' adjust,
 And check the wild career of trust.
 From frequent reckonings friendship grows, 285
 And peace, and sweet communion, flows."

" Meanwhile, of all your toil, and care,
 Your children claim the largest share.
 In health, and sickness, much they need,
 To nurse, to watch, to clothe, and feed ; 290
 Their education much demands
 From faithful hearts, and active hands."

" First be *their health* your constant care ;
 Give them to breathe the freest air :
 Their food be neither rich, nor dainty, 295
 But plain, and clean, and good, and plenty :
 Their clothes, let changing seasons rule,
 In winter warm, in summer cool,
 In your own houses spun, and dy'd,
 For comfort made, and not for pride. 300
 Hardy, not suffering, be their life,
 With heat, and cold, and storm, at strife ;
 Accustom'd common ills to bear,
 To smile at danger, laugh at fear,
 Troubles to brave, with hardy breast, 305
 And seek, thro' toilsome action, rest.
 Teach them each *manly art* to prize,
 And base effem'nacy despise,
 Teach them to wrestle, leap, and run,
 To win the palm, and prize it, won ; 310
 To seek, in acts like these, and find
 A nervous frame, and vigorous mind."

" *My country's youth, I see with pain,*
The customs of their fires disdain,
 Quit the bold pastimes of the green, 315
 That strengthen striplings into men,
 Grovel in inns, at cards, and dice,
 The means of foul disease, and vice,
 And waste, in gaming, drink, and strife,
 Health, honour, fame, and peace, and life." 320

" *With gentler hand, your daughters train,*
 The housewife's various arts to gain ;
 O'er scenes domestic to preside ;
 The needle, wheel, and shuttle, guide ;
 The peacock's gaudry to despise, 325
 And view vain sports with parents' eyes ;

On things of use to fix the heart,
 And gild, with every graceful art.
 Teach them, with neatest, simplest dress,
 A neat, and lovely mind t' express; 330
 Th' alluring female mien to wear;
 Gently to soothe corroding care;
 Bid life with added pleasure glow,
 And sweetly charm the bed of woe.
 To show, the giddy fair-one train'd, 335
 With every ugly spot is stain'd;
 While she, who lives to worth, and duty,
 Shines forth, in Wisdom's eye, a beauty."

" *With steady hand your household sway,*
And use them always to obey. 340
 Always their worthy acts commend;
 Always against their faults contend;
 The mind inform; the conscience move;
 And blame, with tenderness, and love.
 When round they flock, and smile, and tell 345
 Their lambkin sports, and infant weal,
 Nor foolish laugh, nor fret, nor frown;
 But all their little interests own;
 Like them, those trifles serious deem,
 And daily witness your esteem: 350
 Yourselves their best friends always prove,
 For filial duty springs from love.
 Teach them, *with confidence t' impart,*
Each secret purpose of the heart: 355
 Thrice happy parents, children blest'd,
 Of mutual confidence possess'd!
 Such parents shall their children see
 From vice, and shame, and anguish, free."

" *Correct not, 'til the coming day*
Has fann'd resentment's heat away. 360

When passion rules, 'tis fear obeys;
 But duty serves, when reason sways.
 In earliest years, the rod will mend;
 In later, fails to reach the end.
 Still vary: let neglect, disgrace, 365
 Confinement, censure, find their place.
 Convince, ere you correct, and prove
 You punish, not from rage, but love;
 And teach them, with persuasion mild,
 You hate the fault, but love the child." 370

" *All discipline, as facts attest,
 In private minister'd is best.*
 Vex'd to be seen disgrac'd, and sham'd,
 His passion rous'd, his pride inflam'd,
 Your child his guilt with care conceals, 375
 And pertly talks, and stoutly feels;
 From truth, with swift declension flies,
 To arts, equivocations, lies;
 And sullen broods, with sad design,
 O'er sweet revenge of future sin. 380
 Alone, before the parents bar,
 His conscience with himself at war,
 Of pride, and petulance, bereft,
 Without a hope, or refuge, left,
 He shrinks, beneath a father's eye, 385
 And feels his firm perverseness die;
 Reveres the love, his sighs implore,
 And grateful turns, to sin no more."

" *On uniformity depends
 All government, that gains its ends.* 390
 The same things always praise, and blame,
 Your laws, and conduct, be the same."

" Let no *discouragement* deter,
 Nor *slott* this daily task defer.

Sloth and discouragement destroy 395
The children's weal, the parents' joy.

For one, who labor lothes, we find
Ten thousand lothing toil of mind,
That close attention, careful tho't,
With every real blessing fraught. 400

Early the stubborn child transgresses;
Denies it; nor, 'till forc'd, confesses:
The fault, tho' punish'd, he renews;
New punishment the fault pursues:
His heart by nature prone to sin, 405

Agen he wounds you, and agen;
Amaz'd, dishearten'd, in despair,
To see so fruitless all your care,
And wearied, by such fix'd attention
To crimes, that suffer no prevention, 410
Reluctant, by degrees, you yield,
And leave him master of the field."

" Then with fond hope, that reason's fway
Will win him from his faults away,
For decent power, alone you strive, 415
Resign'd, if decently he'll live."

" Vain hope! by reason's power alone,
From guilt, no heart was ever won.
Decent, not good, may reason make him;
By reason, crimes will ne'er forsake him. 420

As weeds, self-sown, demand no toil,
But flourish in their native soil,
Root deep, grow high, with vigour bloom,
And send forth poison, for perfume;
So faults, inborn, spontaneous rise, 425
And daily wax in strength, and size,
Ripen, with neither toil, nor care,
And choke each germ of virtue there.

Virtues, like plants of nobler kind,
 Transferred from regions more refin'd, 430
 The gardener's careful hand must sow;
 His culturing hand must bid them grow;
 Rains gently shower; skies softly shine,
 And blessings fall, from realms divine."

" Much time, and pain, and toil, and care, 435
 Must virtue's habits plant, and rear:
Habits alone thro' life endure,
Habits alone your child secure:
 To these be all your labours given;
 To these, your fervent prayers to HEAVEN. 440
 Nor faint, a thousand trials o'er,
 To see your pains effect no more;
 Love, duty, interest, bid you strive;
 Contend, and yield not, while you live;
 And know, for all your labours pass'd, 445
 Your eyes shall see a crop, at last.
 The smith beside his anvil stands,
 The lump of silver in his hands,
 A thousand strokes with patience gives,
 And still unform'd the work perceives; 450
 A thousand, and a thousand more,
 Unfinish'd leaves it as before;
 Yet, though, from each, no print is found,
 Still toiling on his steady round,
 He sees the ductile mass refine, 455
 And in a beauteous vessel shine."

" Taverns, and shops, and lounging places,
 Vile comrades, gaming tables, races,
 Where youth to vice, and ruin, run,
 Teach them, as pits of death, to shun. 460
 At nine, when sounds the warning bell,
 Use them to bid their sports farewell;

Health, order, temperance, every joy,
 As blasts, untimely hours destroy;
 At these dread hours, in places vile, 465
 Where all things tempt, betray, defile,
 Abroad, to every ill they roam,
 But peace, and safety, find at home."

" *From licens'd talk their tongues restrain,*
 And bridle, with discretion's rein; 470
 Safety, and peace, reserve affords;
 But evil hides in many words.
All wond'rous stories bid them shun,
 And the pernicious love of fun;
 In lies, great stories ever end, 475
 And fun will every vice befriend.
 What sports of real use you find,
 To brace the form, or nerve the mind,
 Freely indulge; such sports, as these,
 Will profit youth, as well as please. 480
 But from all arts and tricks dehort,
 And check th' excessive love of sport.
 All buzzing tales, of private life,
 All scandals, form'd on household strife,
 The idle chatterings of the street, 485
 Early forbid them to repeat;
 But teach them, kindness, praise, and truth,
 Alone become the voice of youth."

" *Their hearts with soft affections warm;*
Their taste, to gentle manners form; 490
 Let manly aims their bosoms fire,
 And sweet civility inspire.
 Bid them the stranger kindly greet,
 The friend with faithful friendship meet,
 And charm of life the little span, 495
 By general courtesy to man."

" *Teach them to reverence righteous sway,*
 With life defend, with love obey;
 Nor join that wretched band of scoffers,
 Who rail at every man in office. 500
 With freedom's warmth their souls inspire,
 And light their brave forefathers' fire.
 Bid them their privileges know;
 Bid them with love of country glow;
 With skill, their arms defensive wield, 505
 Nor shun the duties of the field."

" How blest'd this heaven-distinguish'd land!
 Where schools in every hamlet stand;
 Far spread the beams of learning bright,
 And every child enjoys the light. 510
 At school, beneath a faithful guide,
 In teaching skill'd, of morals tried,
 And pleas'd the early mind to charm
 To every good, from every harm,
 Learn they to read, to write, to spell, 515
 And cast accompts, and learn them well:
 For, on this microscopic plan,
 Is form'd the wise, and useful man.
 Let him a taste for books inspire;
 While you, to nurse the young desire, 520
 A social library procure,
 And open knowledge to the poor.
 This useful taste imbib'd, your eyes
 Shall see a thousand blessings rise.
 From haunts, and comrades vile secure, 525
 Where gilded baits to vice allure,
 No more your sons abroad shall roam,
 But pleas'd, their evenings spend at home;
 Allurements more engaging find,
 And feast, with pure delight, the mind. 530
 The realms of earth, their thro'ts shall scan,
 And learn the works, and ways, of man;

See, from the savage, to the sage,
 How nations ripen, age by age ;
 How states, and men, by virtue rise ; 535
 How both to ruin sink, by vice ;
 How thro' the world's great prison-bounds,
 While one wide clank of chains resounds,
 Men slaves, while Angels weep to see,
 Some wise, and brave, and bless'd, are free. 540
 Thro' moral scenes shall stretch their fight ;
 Discern the bounds of wrong, and right ;
 That lothe ; this love ; and, pleas'd, pursue
 Whate'er from man to man is due ;
 And, from the page of HEAVEN derive 546
 The motives, and the means, to live."

" Nor think the scope, or task, too great ;
 Coolly your leisure moments state ;
 These, nicely reckon'd, will appear
 Enough for all, that's promis'd here. 550
 Would you still higher proof behold ?
 Plain facts that higher proof unfold.
 I know, and tell it with a smile,
 No narrow list of men of toil,
 Illum'd by no collegiate rays, 555
 And forc'd to tread in busy ways,
 Who yet, to read intensely loving,
 And every leisure hour improving,
 On wisdom's heights distinguish'd stand,
 The boast, and blessing, of our land. 560
 This mystery learn : in great, or small things,
 'TIS APPLICATION MASTERS ALL THINGS."

" Thus taught, in every state of life,
 Of child, of parent, husband, wife,
 They'll wiser, better, happier, prove ; 565
 Their freedom better know, and love ;

More pleasures gain, more hearts engage,
And feast their own dull hours of age."

" *Use them, and early use, to have,
To earn, and what they earn, to save,* 570
From industry, and prudence, flow
Relief of want, and balm of woe,
Delightful sleep, enduring wealth,
The purest peace, the firmest health,
True independence of our peers, 575
Support for sickness, and for years,
Security from household strife,
The conscience sweet of useful life,
Esteem abroad, content at home,
An easy passage to the tomb, 580
With blessings numberless, that flow
'To neighbour, stranger, friend, and foe,
'That man to man resistless bind,
And spread, and spread, to all mankind."

Would you for them this good acquire, 585
Prudence, and industry, inspire;
*To habit bid the blessings grow;
Habits alone yield good below.*
To these untrain'd, whate'er you give,
Whate'er inheritance you leave, 590
To every worthless passion given,
And scatter'd to the winds of heaven,
Will foes, and strangers, clothe, and feed;
While your own children pine with need,
Their friends, pain'd, pitied, slighted, fly, 595
Forgotten live, and wretched die.

" *In this New World, life's changing round,
In three descents, is often found.*
The first, firm, busy, plodding, poor,
Earns, saves, and daily swells, his store: 600

By farthings first, and pence, it grows;
 In shillings next, and pounds, it flows;
 Then spread his widening farms, abroad;
 His forests wave; his harvests nod;
 Fattening, his numerous cattle play,
 And debtors dread his reckoning day.
 Ambitious then t'adorn with knowledge
 His son, he places him at college;
 And sends, in smart attire, and neat,
 To travel, thro' each neighbouring state;
 Builds him a handsome house, or buys,
 Sees him a gentleman, and dies."

" The *second*, born to wealth, and ease,
 And taught to think, converse, and please,
 Ambitious, with his lady-wife,
 Aims at a higher walk of life.
 Yet, in those wholesome habits train'd,
 By which his wealth, and weight, were gain'd,
 Bids care in hand with pleasure go,
 And blends œconomy with show.
 His houses, fences, garden, dress,
 The neat and thrifty man confess.
 Improv'd, but with improvement plain,
 Intent on office, as on gain,
 Exploring, useful sweets to spy,
 To public life he turns his eye.
 A townsman first; a justice soon;
 A member of the house anon;
 Perhaps to board, or bench, invited,
 He sees the state, and subjects, righted;
 And, raptur'd with politic life,
 Consigns his children to his wife.
 Of household cares amid the round,
 For her, too hard the task is found.
 At first she struggles, and contends;
 Then doubts, desponds, laments, and bends;

Her sons pursue the sad defeat,
 And shout their victory complete ;
 Rejoicing, see their father roam,
 And riot, rake, and reign, at home. 640
 Too late he sees, and sees to mourn,
 His race of every hope forlorn,
 Abroad, for comfort, turns his eyes,
 Bewails his dire mistakes, and dies."

" His *beir*, *train'd* only to enjoy, 645
 Untaught his mind, or hands, t' employ,
 Conscious of wealth enough for life,
 With business, care, and worth, at strife,
 By prudence, conscience, unrestrain'd,
 And none, but pleasure's habits, gain'd, 650
 Whirls on the wild career of sense,
 Nor danger marks, nor heeds expense.
 Soon ended is the giddy round ;
 And soon the fatal goal is found.
 His lands, secur'd for borrow'd gold, 655
 His houses, horses, herds, are sold.
 And now, no more for wealth respected,
 He sinks, by all his friends neglected ;
 Friends, who, before, his vices flatter'd,
 And liv'd upon the loaves he scatter'd. 660
 Unacted every worthy part,
 And pining with a broken heart,
 To dirtiest company he flies,
 Whores, gambles, turns a sot, and dies.
 His children, born to fairer doom, 665
 In rags, pursue him to the tomb."

" Apprentic'd then to masters stern,
 Some real good the orphans learn ;
 Are bred to toil, and hardy fare,
 And grow to usefulness, and care ; 670
 And, following their great-grandfire's plan,
 Each slow becomes a useful man."

" Such here is life's swift-circling round ;
 So soon are all its changes found.
 Would you prevent th' allotment hard, 675
 And fortune's rapid whirl retard,
In all your race, industrious care
Attentive plant, and faithful rear ;
 With life, th' important task begin,
 Nor but with life, the task resign ; 680
To habit, bid the blessings grow,
Habits alone yield good below."

" But, to complete the blest'd design,
Both parents must their efforts join ;
 With kind regard, each other treat : 685
 In every plan, harmonious meet ;
 The conduct each of each approve ;
 Nor strive, but in the strife of love.
 What one commands, let both require ;
 In counsels, smiles, and frowns, conspire ; 690
 Alike oppose ; alike befriend ;
 And each the other's choice commend.
 In sweetest union thus conjoin'd,
 And one the life, as one the mind,
 Your children cheerful will obey, 695
 And reverence undivided pay ;
 The daily task be lightly done,
 And half the household troubles gone :
 While jars domestic weal destroy,
 And wither every hope of joy." 700

" Meantime, let peace around you rest,
 Nor feuds good neighbourhood molest.
 Your neighbour's crops with justice eye,
 Nor let his hopes by trespass die.
 Your fence repair, your herds repel ; 705
 Much virtue's found in fencing well.

With care his reputation guard;
 Sweet friendship will that care reward.
 No idle tatter e'er receive;
 No storied scandal e'er believe: 710
 What's good, and kind, alone report;
 Tell nothing, which can others hurt:
 Oblige, lend, borrow—freely all—
 Rejoice not in another's fall:
 When others need, assistance lend; 715
 Are others sick? their calls attend;
 Their visits hospitably greet,
 And pay, with cheerful kindness sweet.
 These things, or I mistake, will form,
 And keep the heart of friendship warm." 720

" But should contentions rise, and grudges,
 Which call for arbitrating judges,
 Still shun the law, that gulph of woe,
 Whose waves without a bottom flow:
 That gulph, by storms forever tofs'd, 725
 Where all, that's once afloat, is lost;
 Where friends, embark'd, are friends no more,
 And neither finds a peaceful shore:
 While thousand wrecks, as warnings, lie,
 The victims of an angry sky. 730

" Each cause let mutual friends decide,
 With Common-sense alone to guide:
 If right, in silent peace be glad;
 If wrong, be neither sour, nor sad:
 As oft you'll find full justice done, 735
 As when thro' twenty terms you've run;
 And when, in travel, fees, and cost,
 Far more than can be won, is lost."

" Learn, this conclusion whence I draw.
 Mark what estates are spent in law! 740

See men litigious business fly,
 And loungers live, and beggars die !
 What anger, hatred, malice fell,
 And fierce revenge their bosoms swell !
 What frauds, subornings, tamperings rise ! 745
 What flanders foul ! what shameful lies !
 What perjuries, blackening many a tongue !
 And what immensity of wrong !
 Where peace, and kindness, dwelt before,
 See peace, and kindness, dwell no more ! 750
 Ills to good offices succeed,
 And neighbours bid each other bleed !”

“ Esop, the merry Phrygian sage,
 Worth half the Wise-men of his age,
 Has left to litigants a story, 755
 Which, with your leave, I'll set before you.”

“ “ The bear, and lion, on the lawn,
 Once found the carcase of a fawn.
 Both claim'd the dainty ; neither gave it ;
 But each swore roundly he would have it. 760
 They growl'd ; they fought ; but fought in vain ;
 For neither could the prize obtain ;
 And, while, to breathe, they both retreated,
 The lawyer fox, came in, and eat it.” ”

“ And would you useful live, and blest'd, 765
 Parochial heats, and jars, detest.
 Like you, their interests others feel ;
 Have pride, and passions, warmth, and will.
 Those interests clash ; those wills contend ;
 And some, where all have votes, must bend. 770
 A yielding spirit hence maintain ;
 Let all concede, that all may gain :
 Hence, when fierce heat the mass inspires,
 And Party blows her angry fires,

For weeks, or months, or years, postpone 775
 What, prudence tells you, must be done:
 Time will command the flames to cease,
 And party soften into peace."

Thus spoke the sage. The crowd around,
 Applauding, heard the grateful sound: 780
 Each, deeply musing, homeward went,
 'T' amend his future life intent;
 And, pondering past delays, with sorrow,
 Resolv'd, he would begin, to-morrow.

END OF THE SIXTH PART.

GREENFIELD HILL:

P O E M.

THE ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. *Vision.* Scene the margin of the Sound. Genius of the Sound appears, and declares the future Glory of America. Splendour of Europe excelled by the Happiness of America. Happy local Situation of U. S. secure from the political evils of Europe. Magnificence of the works of nature, on this Continent. Healthfulness, and fruitfulness of the Seasons. Country divided into small Farms, equally descending to Children. Unhappy effects of an unequal Division of Property, and of Entailments. Stanislaus. Polish Nobility. State of Property in this Country resumed. Its Effects on Industry, Government, and Policy. U. S. contrasted to ancient Empires. Happiness of U. S. contrasted to Eastern Despotism. Universal Prevalence of Freedom. Unfortified, and therefore safe, state of U. S. Influence of our state of Society on the Mind. Public Property employed for the Public Benefit. Penal Administrations improved by Benevolence. Policy enlarges its scope. Knowledge promoted. Improvements in Astronomical and other Instruments of Science. Improvements of the Americans, in Natural Philosophy—Poetry—Music—and Moral Science. State of the American Clergy. Manners refined. Artificial Manners condemned. American Women. Cultivation advanced. Other Nations visit this Country, and learn the nature, and causes, of our happiness. Conclusion.

GREENFIELD HILL.

P A R T VII.

THE VISION.

FROM these fair scenes, to wonders more refin'd,
Instinctive turns the ever busy Mind:
The present prospect but expands her sight;
The present joy to others tempts her flight;
Allur'd by each new good, she loves to roam,
And spreads her wings, through ages long to come;
Where Time, with hand prophetic, points her way,
And heavenly visions heavenly scenes display.

As late, when Spring awak'd the slumbering plains,
The soul, extatic, burst her earthy chains, 10
Approaching Morn assum'd her magic power,
And bade her visions bless the fairy hour,
In quick review, Columbia's glories spread;
The past roll on; the present swift succeed;
Behind, rank after rank, the future rise, 15
As clouds, successive, paint the changing skies.

I stood, methought, beside yon azure plain;
Still hung the concave; peaceful slept the main;
In heaven suspended, lingering Hesper shin'd,
And purple evening breath'd her gentlest wind. 20

At once I heard a solemn murmur rise,
 As thunders slowly swell, in distant skies;
 The waves, disturb'd, in deep convulsion lay;
 The world was hush'd; the airs forgot to play.

At that still moment, from his sapphire bed, 25
 The Genius of the Sound uprear'd his head:
 Slow round his form a cloud of amber roll'd,
 Now hid, now splendent, through it's skirts of gold.
 Gemm'd with new stars, his seagreen mitre shin'd;
 His scaly mantle rustled in the wind; 30
 A pictur'd shield his hand, uplifted, bore,
 Grav'd with the semblance of his double shore:
 Unnumber'd sails propitious breezes swell'd,
 And his strip'd flag disclos'd th' unfinish'd field.
 Here Longa's bays, and whitening coast, were seen, 35
 Small isles, around her, wrought in living green;
 The loftier Mainland there allur'd the eye,
 It's margin winding toward the southern sky;
 The tall hill heav'd; expansive spread the plain;
 And groves, and gardens, streak'd the subject main: 40
 New Haven's spires, in sculptur'd silver, rose,
 And York's proud domes, escap'd the waste of foes.
 Here a new Thames an infant London laves;
 Through a new Tempe, roll Connecta's waves;
 With foamy stream, another Avon glides, 45
 And Hudson triumphs in his freighted tides.

He stood, and thus the solemn silence broke,
 And brightening nature listen'd as he spoke.

" Rise, genial years! and haste, auspicious times!
 Ascend, and bless the true, Hesperian climes; 50
 O'er happy isles, and garden'd realms, display
 Th' advancing splendours of prophetic day."

" Her themes of pride let savage Europe boast,
 Her bloody enginry, and marshall'd host,

Her haughty flags, with purple stain'd, display, 55
 The car of triumph, and the pomp of sway;
 Or, wrought with Grecian skill, her columns raise,
 Bend the tall arch, and teach the dome to blaze;
 In art's wide regions bid her laurels grow, 60
 And place the crown of science on her brow.
 Round the mild year, let Albion's verdure run;
 Let Gallia's opening vines allure the sun;
 O'er brighter realms, the Turkish crescent rise,
 Wash'd by fair seas, and warm'd by vernal skies;
 Let richer Ind, and prouder Persia, tell 65
 The diamond cavern, and the pearly shell;
 Peruvia vaunt her streams, in silver roll'd,
 And sunny Darien lift her hills of gold.
 Here the best blessings of those far-fam'd climes,
 Pure of their woes, and whiten'd from their crimes, 70
 Shall blend with nobler blessings, all my own;
 Here first th' enduring reign of Peace be known:
 The voice of scepter'd Law wide realms obey,
 And choice erect, and freemen hail, the sway:
 The sun of knowledge light the general mind, 75
 And cheer, through every class, oppress'd mankind;
 Here Truth, and Virtue, doom'd no more to roam,
 Pilgrims in eastern climes, shall find their home;
 Age after age, exalt their glory higher,
 That light the soul, and this the life inspire; 80
 And Man once more, self-ruin'd Phoenix, rise,
 On wings of Eden, to his native skies."

"To build the finish'd bliss, see all things given,
 The goods of nature, and the smiles of Heaven,
 A site sequester'd, policy sublime, 85
 The noblest manners, and the happiest time."

"See this glad world remote from every foe,
 From Europe's mischiefs, and from Europe's woe!

Th' Atlantic's guardian tide repelling far
 The jealous terror, and the vengeful war, 90
 The native malice, envy, pride, and strife,
 The plagues of rank, the rust of useleſs life,
 The cumbrous pomp, of general want the ſpring,
 The clashing commerce, and the rival king.
 See, far remote, the crimes of balanc'd ſway ! 95
 Where courts contract the debt, and ſubjects pay ;
 The black intrigue, the cruſh of ſelf-defence,
 Th' enliſtment dire, foul preſs, and tax immense,
 Navies, and hoſts, that gorge Potoſi whole ;
 Bribes, places, penſions, and the auction'd ſoul : 100
 Ills, that, each hour, invoke the wrath of God,
 And bid the world's wide ſurface ſmoke with blood,
 Waſte human good, in ſlavery nations bind,
 And ſpeed untimely death to half mankind."

" Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er theſe regions, lo ! 105
 What ſcenes of grandeur, and of beauty, glow.
 It's nobleſt wonders here Creation ſpreads ;
 Hills, where ſkies reſt, and Danubes pour caſcades ;
 Foreſts, that ſtretch from Cancer, to the Pole ;
 Lakes, where ſeas lie, and rivers, where they roll ; 110
 Landſchapes, where Edens gild anew the ball,
 And plains, and meads, where ſuns ariſe, and fall : "

" To theſe bright wonders, Nature's hand ſublime
 Has join'd the varied joys of circling clime.
 Winds pureſt breathe ; benigneſt ſeaſons ſmile ; 115
 And double harveſts gild the bounteous ſoil ;
 The choiceſt ſweets, unnumber'd fruits inhale,
 And Flora wantons, on the fragrant gale :
 Gains of true gold purſue th' exploring plough,
 Wealth, that endures, and good unbought with woe ; 120
 With richeſt ore, the uſeful mountains ſhine,
 And luſcious treaſures fill the teeming brine :

Fell Famine sickens, at th' o'erflowing good,
And, hissing, flies the native land of food." 125

" See the wide realm in equal shares possess'd !
How few the rich, or poor ! how many bless'd !
O happy state ! the state, by HEAVEN design'd
To rein, protect, employ, and bless mankind ;
Where Competence, in full enjoyment, flows ;
Where man least vice, and highest virtue, knows ; 130
Where the mind thrives ; strong nerves th' invention string ;
And daring Enterprize uplifts his wing ;
Where Splendour spreads, in vain, his peacock-hues ;
Where vagrant Sloth, the general hiss pursues ;
Where Business reigns, the universal queen ; 135
Where none are slaves, or lords ; but all are men :
No nuiſant drones purloin the earner's food ;
But each man's labour swells the common good."

" O state, to my lov'd sons most kindly given ;
Of all their bliss, the basis laid by HEAVEN ! 140
Curs'd be the heart, that wishes to destroy,
Curs'd be the hand, that mines this ground-work joy ;
Hung be his name, in infamy's foul den ;
And let the wide world rise, and say Amen !"

" Thrice wretched lands ! where, thousands slaves to one,
Sires know no child, beside the eldest son ; 145
Men know no rights ; no justice nobles know ;
And kings no pleasure, but from subjects' woe.
There, wealth from plunder'd throngs by few engross'd,
To rich, and poor, alike is virtue lost. 150
The rich, to foul oppression born, and bred,
To reason blinded, and to feeling dead,
From childhood, train'd to wield the iron rod,
Alike regard not man, and fear not God.
Science they scorn, the public bar deride ; 155
And every feud by vengeful force decide ;

Honour their deity, and will their law,
 In private war, the sword of passion draw,
 O'er wretched vassals, death and ruin drive,
 Whose only hope, or comfort, was to live; 160
 Unblest'd, forbid all others bliss to find,
 Fools, atheists, bigots, curses to mankind."

" Mean, base, deceitful, dead to hope, and shame,
 At war with that hard world, which wars with them,
 Like trees, adhesive to their native plain, 165
 And given, or sold, as pleasure prompts, or gain,
 Dower of a daughter, purchase of a hound,
 Alike remov'd from worth, the poor are found.
 Mere tools of fraud, oppression, whim, or rage,
 No law t' avenge their wrongs, nor friend t' assuage, 170
 By passion tempest, by instinct sped,
 To' obedience whipp'd, to action hunger-led,
 In knowledge brutes, in comfort brutes below,
 Forbid to taste the little good, they know,
 They envy the sleek dog, that passes by, 175
 They starve, and steal, blaspheme their God, and die."

"Thrice wretched lands! where wealth and splendour glow,
 And want, and misery, in dire contrast, show;
 On sheds, and pens, where palac'd pride looks down;
 A god the noble, and a beast the clown; 180
 Where tissue glares, and rags indecent yawn;
 Feet step in blood, and kingly cars are drawn;
 Where Luxury sickens, at Vitellius' feast,
 And wretches starve, beneath the hedge, to rest;
 Furs guard the silky form from winter's breath, 185
 And the bare crose defiles the frozen heath;
 Idolatry fans off the vernal breeze,
 And sun-struck Labour, phrenzied, sinks to peace.
 Such, Poland! long have mourn'd thy realms of woe;
 Such, Russia, such, Bohemia! thine are now." 190

" Hail, Prince of princes! first of modern thrones,
 Hail, Stanislaus! thou king, from nature's sons!

Hail, Child of HEAVEN ! whose large, ethereal mind
 Look'd into woe, and felt for poor mankind.
 Let fame eternal crown thy glorious brows, 195
 And ill's glance from thee to thy savage foes.
 Be thine the peace, the bliss, of doing good,
 Delightful earnest of the blest abode !
 Sweet be thy day ; thine eve supremely sweet ;
 Death, fear, and sorrow, laid beneath thy feet : 200
 And oh ! may HE, for ruin'd man who died,
 Approve, accept, and hail thee to his side,
 Who, wielding earthly power, for heavenly ends,
 Had'st pity on the least, among his friends."

" And ye exalted Poles ! whose generous mind, 205
 Offering august ! your pomp, and power, resign'd,
 Pleas'd, with divine benignity to see
 Slaves chang'd to men, and wretches blest'd, and free ;
 From the far evening of th' Atlantic shore,
 If some soft gale should waft this whisper o'er, 210
 Know, for your weal, all Virtue's children glow,
 Joy in your joy, and weep your every woe ;
 Upward, each day, their prayers with fervour rise,
 And wrestle down the promise of the SKIES,"

" In these contrasted climes, how chang'd the scene, 215
 Where happiness expands, in living green !
 Through the whole realm, behold convenient farms
 Fed by small herds, and gay with cultur'd charms ;
 To sons, in equal portions, handed down,
 The fire's bold spirit kindling in the son ; 220
 No tyrant riding o'er th' indignant plain ;
 A prince, a king, each independent swain ;
 No servile thought, no vile submission, known ;
 No rent to lords, nor homage to a throne ;
 But sense to know, and virtue to extend, 225
 And nerves to feel the bliss, and bravery to defend !"

" As o'er the lawns the humming nations play,
 Feel the soft sun, and blest reviving May,

From field to field, the fragrant wax explore,
 And round each fountain, visit every flower, 230
 Approaching frost, with steady murmur, sing,
 Wake with the morn, and husband all the spring :
 Thus warm'd with industry, behold my swains !
 Guide the smooth plough, and dress the grateful plains ;
 From earth's rich bosom, bid all products rise, 235
 'The bless'd creation of indulgent skies ;
 The grass-grown hills with herds unnumber'd crown,
 And bid the fleecy nations fill the down ;
 O'er countless fields, the flaxen treasure spread,
 And call the canvas, from it's hempen bed : 240
 Or bid the loom with all earth's fabric shine,
 The useful strengthen, and the gay refine,
 Or ocean's chambers, with bold hand, explore,
 And waft his endless treasures to the shore !"

" Here first shall man, with full conviction, know 245
 Well-system'd rule the source of bliss below ;
 Invent, refine, arrange, the sacred plan,
 Check pride, rein power, and save the rights of man !
 Here first, his savage independence bow,
 And, at the public shrine, spontaneous vow ; 250
 'The triumph, here, of Reason first display,
 A nation yielding to elective sway."

" See the charm'd States the glorious Rule complete,
 Each hastening to be wise, and good, and great ;
 Power, nicely balanc'd, all the parts adjust, 255
 The source of union, and the seat of trust ;
 Whence, men forgotten, Law supremely reigns,
 And justice flows, a river, o'er the plains !"

" Her sky-crown'd pyramids let Egypt show,
 The tomb of folly, and the work of woe ; 260
 Her walls, her gardens, Babylon display,
 'The pomp of spoils, and pageant of a day ;

Greece, with fierce mobs, and rival fury, to's'd,
 Her baseless sway, and tottering freedom, boast;
 Her pride of empire haughty Rome unfold, 265
 A world despoil'd, for luxury, and gold:
 Here nobler wonders of the world shall rise;
 Far other empire here mankind surprize:
 Of orders pure, that ask no Grecian name,
 A new born structure here ascend to fame. 270
 The base, shall knowledge, choice, and freedom, form,
 Sapp'd by no flood, and shaken by no storm;
 Unpattern'd columns, union'd States ascend;
 Combining arches, virtuous manners bend;
 Of balanc'd powers, proportion'd stories rise, 275
 Like Babel's dome, intended for the skies;
 One speech, one soul, to every builder given,
 And the tall summit shrouded high in heaven."

" In this bright mansion, all my sons shall find
 Whatever rights their GOD has given mankind; 280
 To rich, and poor, alike, th' avenues clear;
 Its gates, like Salem's, open round the year;
 Hence justice, freedom, peace, and bounty, flow,
 Redress for injuries, and relief for woe."

" O blissful visions of the happy West!
 O how unlike the miseries of the East!
 There, in sad realms of desolating war,
 Fell Despotism ascends his iron car;
 Printed in blood, o'er all the moving throne,
 The motto glows, of—MILLIONS MADE FOR ONE. 290
 Above, on either side, the Furies glare,
 Their scorpions brandish, and their snakes uprear;
 His breath their being, and his scourge their law,
 Unnumber'd haggard slaves the chariot draw;
 A villain, black as hell, his master guides, 295
 A guard of blacker villains round him rides.

As rolls the pomp the wasted kingdom o'er,
 With corpses caus'd, and wet deep with gore,
 One wide Aceldama the region lies,
 And whitening Golgothas immingled rise : 306
 While nobles, pamper'd on the spoils of woe,
 Resound—" The knee to Heaven's Vicegerent bow." "

" Yet there, even there, Columbia's bliss shall spring,
 Rous'd from dull sleep, astonish'd Europe sing,
 O'er Asia burst the renovating morn, 305
 And startled Afric in a day be born ;
 As, from the tomb, when great MESSIAH rose,
 Heaven bloom'd with joy, and Earth forgot her woes,
 His faints, thro' nature, truth and virtue spread,
 And light, and life, the SACRED SPIRIT shed ; 310
 Thus, thro' all climes, shall Freedom's bliss extend,
 The world renew, and death, and bondage, end ;
 All nations quicken with th' ecstatic power,
 And one redemption reach to every shore."

" Unlike the East, whose castles rivet sway, 315
 Shield the fell guard, and force the realm t' obey,
 A nations voice, with pointed cannon, brave,
 Meant to defend, but useful to enslave ;
 Where foes victorious in dire safety stand,
 And fix oppression on a hapless land, 320
 Here, without walls, the fields of safety spread,
 And, free as winds, ascends the peaceful shade ;
 Invasion fierce, interfluent oceans bar ;
 Streams hedge the foe, and mountains mock the war.
 In each dread pass, with naked side, he stands, 325
 To sudden terrors, and to unseen hands ;
 On the broad plain, ten thousand ills invade,
 The day's hard toils, the night's ill-boding shade ;
 Surrounding wilds, incessant, breathe alarms,
 And moors, and forests, pour harrassing swarms : 330

Pain'd, at each step, he fears himself undone,
 And each new movement loses all he won.
 Thus shall my sons their shelter'd regions save,
 Firm as their hills, and as their fathers brave,
 On freedom's force, with generous trust, rely, 335
 And ask no fortrefs, but the favouring SKY."

" Warm'd by that living fire, which HEAVEN bestows;
 Which Freedom lights, and Independence blows;
 By that bright pomp, which moral scenes display,
 The unrivall'd grandeur of elective sway; 340
 And manners, where effulgent nature shines,
 Nor tinsel glares, nor fashion false refines,
 At this best æra, when, with glory bright,
 Full-rising Science casts unclouded light,
 Up wisdom's heights the soul shall wing her way, 345
 And climb thro' realms of still improving day."

" Here wealth, from private misery wrench'd no more,
 To grace proud pomp, and swell a monarch's store,
 Aid venal hosts to blast man's little joy,
 And bid fell navies towns and realms destroy, 350
 For public blifs, from public hands, shall flow,
 And patriot works from patriot feelings grow.
 See Appian ways across the New World run!
 Here hail the rising, there the setting, sun:
 See long canals on earth's great convex bend! 355
 Join unknown realms, and distant oceans blend;
 In the Calm Main, Atlantic tides arise,
 And Hudson wanton under torrid skies.
 O'er all my climes, see palac'd Science smile!
 And schools unnumber'd gem the golden soil; 360
 For want, for woe, the neat asylum rise,
 And countless temples call propitious skies.
 By locks immense see broken rivers join'd;
 And the vast bridge my Rhines, and Danubes, bind;

For useful fabrics, spacious domes ascend ; 365
Huge engines roll, and streams their currents bend."

" Here too, each heart, alive to pity's cause,
Shall curse still-savage Europe's reeking laws ;
That gibbets plant, as erst the forest stood ;
With horse-leach thirst, cry, " Give us daily blood ;" 370
Void, not of mercy, but of common sense,
Commute a human life for thirteen pence ;
Poor debtors chain, to glut revenge and pride,
And one man hang, that other men may ride."

" Here first, since earth beneath the deluge stood, 375
Bloodshed alone shall be aton'd by blood :
All other crimes, unfit with man to dwell,
The wretch shall expiate, in the lonely cell :
' There awful Conscience, and an anguish'd heart,
Shall stretch the rack, and wing the flaming dart ; 380
Approaching fiends with lowering vengeance glow,
And gulphs yawn downward to the world of woe.
Half seen, at times, and trembling faint, from far,
Shall dawn sweet Mercy's bright and beamy star ;
Hope enter, smite his chains, and set him free, 385
And spread her wings, and whisper, " Follow me."
In this dread mansion, shall the culprit find
His country's laws, not just alone, but kind ;
And fed, and clad, and lodg'd, with comfort, feel
Whatever good destroys not public weal." 390

" Here too, her scope shall Policy extend,
Nor to check crimes be still her single end.
Her hand shall aid the poor, the sad console,
And lift up merit from it's lowly stool,
Reach to th' industrious youth the means to thrive, 395
The orphan shelter, bid the widow live,
Nurse, with a fostering care, each art refin'd,
That mends the manners, or that lights the mind,

The choking damp of foul despair expel,
And help aspiring genius to excel."

400

" See, in each village, treasur'd volumes stand !
And spread pure knowledge through th' enlighten'd land ;
Knowledge, the wise Republic's standing force,
Subjecting all things, with resistless course ;
That bids the ruler hold a righteous sway,
And bends persuaded freemen to obey.
Frequent, behold the rich Museum yield
The wonders dread of Nature's fruitful field !
See strong invention engines strange devise,
And ope the mysteries of earth, seas, and skies ;
Aid curious art to finish works refin'd,
And teach abstrusest science to mankind."

405

410

" Up the dread vault, where stars immensely roll,
To heaven, Herschel's tubes conduct the soul ;
Where proud Orion heads th' immortal train,
And opes his lucid window through the main ;
Where, far beyond this liminary sky,
Superior worlds of liquid splendour lie ;
Far other suns diffuse th' unsetting ray,
And other planets roll, in living day,
Truth, bliss, and virtue, age by age, refine,
And unknown nations bask in life divine,"

415

420

" Even now fair beams around my concave burn,
The golden Phosphor of th' expanding morn.
See raptur'd Franklin, when fierce tempests ride,
Down the safe dome innoxious lightnings guide !
The nice machine see self-taught Kingsley frame,
That, unexampled, pours th' electric flame !
See Rittenhouse, and Pope, with art their own,
Roll the small system round the mimic sun !
See Bushnell's strong, creative genius, fraught
With all th' assembled powers of skilful thought,

425

430

His mystic vessel plunge beneath the waves,
 And glide thro' dark retreats, and coral caves !
 While crowds, around them, join the glorious strife, 435
 And ease the load, that lies on human life."

" Nor less their strength shall private efforts blend,
 My sons t' illume, refine, exalt, amend.
 Thro' Nature's field shall bold Inquiry stray,
 Where Europe's Genius leads the splendid way ; 440
 Tell why the winds with fickle wanderings blow,
 Thin vapours spring, and clouds condensing flow ;
 From what strange cause th' etherial phases rise,
 And gloom, and glory, change so soon the skies ;
 How heat through nature spreads its chemic power ; 445
 Wakes the soft spring, dissolves the icy shower,
 In fluid splendour bids the metal glow,
 Commands the stream to roll, the flower to blow,
 With golden beauty lights the starry choir,
 And warms th' exhaustless sun with living fire. 450
 Or pierce the mist of elemental strife,
 See lazy matter rousing into life ;
 It's parts meet, mix, repel, attract, combine,
 And mould the plant with infinite design ;
 Or through the grades of nobler life ascend, 455
 And the strange, acting, suffering Being blend ;
 Or cease their hold, to bring new forms to light,
 And bid the fairy structure melt from sight ;
 Or round the globe it's wondrous strata spread,
 Fashion the hills, and vault the ocean's bed ; 460
 Imblaze the ore, th' enticing gem unfold,
 And with pure sunbeams tinge the lasting gold.
 Here too shall Genius learn, by what controul,
 Th' instinctive magnet trembles to the pole ;
 With curious eye, it's system'd errors trace, 465
 And teach the mystic longitude of place :
 Or through the bright, Columbian science rove,
 Pursue the lightning's path, in realms above,

Or o'er earth's bowels, mark it's silent course,
 And see all nature own it's magic force : 470
 Or ope more awful wonders to mankind,
 Evolve the terrors of the Indian wind,
 Tell whence volcanic fires the mount inform,
 Whence heave the plains, or bursts the raging storm ;
 Whence the wide concave angry meteors rend, 475
 And shuddering earth quakes to it's distant end :
 Or, in dark paths, where health's fair streamlets stray,
 Thro' plants, and mines, explore their chemic way,
 Redress the ravage of encroaching clime,
 Change the sad curse, rebuild the waste of time, 480
 Protract man's date, bid age with verdure bloom,
 And strew with flowers the journey to the tomb."

" See rising bards ascend the steep of fame !
 Where truth commends, and virtue gives a name,
 With Homer's life, with Milton's strength, aspire, 485
 Or catch divine Isaiah's hallow'd fire.
 No sickly spot shall soil the page refin'd ;
 Lend vice a charm, or taint the artless mind ;
 Another Pope enchanting themes rehearse,
 Nor the meek virgin blush to hear the verse ; 490
 Improv'd, and clouded with no courtly stain,
 A whiter page than Addison's remain."

" On the bright canvas, see the pencil trace
 Unrival'd forms of glory, and of grace !
 In the fair field, no traits of villainy spring, 495
 No wanton lordling, and no bloody king,
 No strumpet, handed to perpetual fame,
 No scenes of lewdness, and no deeds of shame :
 But men, that counsell'd, fought, and bled, for men,
 And held, to death, the world-renewing pen ; 500
 Scenes, that would Envy of her snakes beguile,
 Deeds, where fond Virtue loves to gaze, and smile :

Such forms, such deeds, on Raphael's tablets shine,
And such, O Trumbull! glow alike on thine."

" No more shall Music trill, with raptures, o'er 505
The swinish revel, and the lewd amour,
The phrenzied ravage of the blood-stain'd car,
Or the low triumphs of the Sylvan war.
But Sorrow's silent sadness sweetly charm,
With love inspire, with real glory warm, 510
Wake, in Religion's cause, diviner lays,
And fill the bosom with MESSIAH's praise."

" But chief, my sons shall Moral science trace,
Man's nature, duties, dignity, and place;
How, in each class, the nice relation springs, 515
To God, to man, to subjects, and to kings;
How taste, mysterious, in the Heavenly plan,
Improves, adorns, and elevates, the man;
How balanc'd powers, in just gradation, prove
The means of order, freedom, peace, and love, 520
Of bliss, at home, of homage fair, abroad,
Justice to man, and piety to God."

" For soon, no more to philosophic whims,
To cloud-built theories, and lunar dreams,
But to firm facts, shall human faith be given, 525
The proofs of Reason, and the voice of HEAVEN.
No more by light Voltaire with bubbles fed,
With Hume's vile husks no longer mock'd for bread,
No more by St. John's lantern lur'd astray,
Through moors, and mazes, from the broad highway, 530
Transported men the path of life shall know,
And Angels' food shower round them, as they go."

" The Word of life, a world of stores refin'd,
The dress, the feast, the riches, of the mind,
The bold Divine, commercing, shall explore, 535
Search every realm, and visit every shore,

Thence wines, and fruits, of every taste, and clime,
 Matur'd, and beauteous, in immortal prime,
 Thence gems collect, and gold from wisdom's mine,
 Robes of pure white, and ornaments divine, 540
 (Whate'er can bid the famish'd wretch respire,
 Or clothe the naked in unstain'd attire)
 To HEAVEN's high altar bring the offering blest'd,
 And all mankind, his Levites, share the feast."

For here, alike to want, and wealth, allied, 545
 Plac'd in the mean, 'twixt poverty and pride,
 The goal, where faithful virtue most is found,
 The goal, where strong temptations least abound,
 Nor sloth benumbs, nor luxury betrays,
 Nor splendour awes, nor lures to dangerous ways, 550
 Where the poor boldly tell their woes severe,
 Fear no neglect, and find the mingling tear,
 From civil toils, cabals, and party-heat,
 My sacred clerks spontaneous shall retreat;
 To others leave to others what is given, 555
 And shine, the mere ambassadors of HEAVEN;
 Spread truth, build virtue, sorrow soothe, and pain,
 And rear primæval piety again."

" The noblest Manners too my realms shall cheer,
 With prudence, frank; obliging, yet sincere; 560
 Great, without pride; familiar, yet refin'd;
 The honest face disclosing all the mind;
 Stanhope abjur'd; the Gospel own'd alone;
 And all, from other's claim'd, to others done.
 Here nature's sweet simplicity shall reign, 565
 And art's foul tincture meet a just disdain;
 The waxen mien of Europe's courtly lords;
 Love spent in looks, and honour lost in words;
 Where sad ambition, sickening, toils for show,
 And smiles, invented, mask the face of woe; 570

Where life drags on, a disappointing round,
Where hope's a cheat, and happiness a sound."

" What though, like Europe's titled train to live,
Even in these climes, the splendid trifler strive ;
Pine, with a sickly appetite, for shew, 575
And, every year, the income spend of two ;
With aukward folly, mimic toilsome sin,
Parade without, and wretchedness within ;
Yet faint, and few, shall these corruptions spread,
Seen but to be despis'd, and his'd, and fled. 580
Strong sense shall here the life of reason yield,
Each whim exploded, and each vice expell'd ;
From sweet affections actions sweet shall flow,
All that makes joy, and all that quiets woe,
Where nature, friendship, love, unrivall'd reign, 585
And form anew the dignity of men."

" And O what beams shall light the Fair-one's mind !
How the soft eye-ball glisten truth refin'd !
What featur'd harmony mild virtue form !
With what sweet sympathy, the bosom warm ! 590
To wisdom pure, by useful science train'd,
From fashions, cards, and plays, to reason gain'd,
To show, to flattery, victims now no more,
Vile forms extinct, and idle follies o'er,
Anew to duty shall the heart be given, 595
Love to mankind, and piety to HEAVEN.
Grac'd with each beauty of th' ethereal form,
Led by a heart, with rich affections warm,
Each lovely daughter, sister, friend, and wife,
Shall call forth roses, from the thorns of life ; 600
With soothing tenderness, rough man refine,
Wake gentler thoughts, and prompt to deeds divine ;
Through wisdom's paths, their tender offspring charm,
And bear them upward, with supporting arm ;

Plant truth's fair seeds ; the budding virtues tend ; 650
 And bid the nursling faint a cherub end.
 Like vernal dews, their kindness shall distil,
 Cheer the sad soul, and lighten every ill ;
 Breathe balmy comfort round the wretches shed,
 And lay the outcast in a peaceful bed ; 610
 Bid, round their mansions, bliss domestic rise,
 And fix a bright resemblance of the skies."

" Through this wide world, outspread from sky to sky,
 Thus envied scenes of rapture meet the eye.
 Then, on the borders of this sapphire plain, 615
 Shall growing beauties grace my fair domain.
 O'er these green hills, and in each smiling dell,
 Where elves might haunt, and fays delighted dwell,
 From Thames's walks, to Hudson's verdant isles,
 See, with fair seats, my lovely margin smiles ! 620
 No domes of pomp insult the smiling plain ;
 Nor lords, nor princes, trample freeborn man.
 Man, the first title known beneath the skies ;
 A prince, when virtuous, and a lord, when wise.
 See, circling each, with simple lustre, spread 625
 The neat inclosure, and the happy shade ;
 Meads green with spring ; with Autumn orchards fair ;
 And fields, where culture bids all climes appear ,
 Gay groves exult ; Chinesian gardens glow,
 And bright reflections paint the way below !" 630

" On this blue plain, my eye shall then behold
 Earth's distant realms immingled sails unfold ;
 Proud Europe's towers, her thunders laid asleep,
 Float, in calm silence, o'er th' astonish'd deep ;
 Peru unfetter'd lift her golden sails, 635
 And silken India waft on spicy gales ;
 From death's dull shade, awaken'd Afric rise,
 And roll the products of her sunny skies.

Here shall they learn what manners bliss assure ;
 What sway creates it, and what laws secure, 640
 See pride abas'd ; the wolfish heart refin'd ;
 Th' unfetter'd conscience, and th' unpinion'd mind ;
 To human good all human efforts given ;
 Nor war insult, nor bondage anger, HEAVEN ;
 No savage course of Eastern glory run ; 645
 Atchiev'd no conquest, and no realm undone."

" Here shall they see an æra new of Fame,
 Where science wreathes, and worth confers a name ;
 No more her temple stand in human gore ;
 Of human bones, her columns rise no more : 750
 The life, by poets sung, the heavens approve,
 Wisdom commend, and future ages love."

" From yon blue wave, to that far distant shore,
 Where suns decline, and evening oceans roar,
 Their eyes shall view one free elective sway ; 655
 One blood, one kindred, reach from sea to sea ;
 One language spread ; one tide of manners run ;
 One scheme of science, and of morals one ;
 And, God's own Word the structure, and the base,
 One faith extend, one worship, and one praise." 660

" These shall they see, amaz'd ; and these convey,
 On rapture's pinions, o'er the distant sea ;
 New light, new glory, fire the general mind,
 And peace, and freedom, re-illumine mankind."

END OF THE SEVENTH PART.

NOTES TO PART I.

LINE 42. The parish of Greenfield consists of about thirteen square miles. On this little tract were found, at the time of the late census, almost fourteen hundred inhabitants: a population as great, as that of Britain, if the accounts which I have seen, of the extent and population of that country, are just. The people of Greenfield are almost all Farmers, and have no advantages for support, besides those which are common to N. England in general. Thus without any peculiar assistance from commerce, or manufacturing, an immense population can exist on the mere labours of the husbandman. The people of Greenfield, also, very generally abound in the necessaries and comforts of life. Such are the effects of an equal division of property, and of the cultivation of lands by the proprietors.

L. 85. No country has been more unjustly or contemptibly slandered, than New England.

L. 94. [Firms.] I have ventured to use this word, as a verb. It appeared to me better to express the idea intended, than any other word, which I could recollect.

L. 177. A remarkable proof of the mildness of manners, in New England, existed during the late war. The inhabitants were at least as much divided, and as directly opposed, both in opinion and conduct, as those of France; and through a much longer period. (a) Yet not one person was put to death by the hand of violence, and but one by the hand of civil justice, during an eight years war, and in a country containing a million of inhabitants.

L. 215. The State of Connecticut exhibits the most uniform and unmixed manners, to be found in New England; and those, which may, with the greatest propriety, be called the national manners of that country.

L. 223. The happiness of the inhabitants of Connecticut appears, like their manners, morals, and government, to exceed any thing, of which the Eastern continent could ever boast. A thorough and impartial development of the state of society, in Connecticut, and a complete investigation of the sources of its happiness, would probably throw more light on the true methods of promoting the interests of mankind, than all the volumes of philosophy, which have been written. The causes, which have already produced happiness, will ever produce it. To facts alone, there-

(a) January 1, 1793.

fore, ought we to resort, if we would obtain this important knowledge. Theories are usually mere dreams; fitted to amuse, not to instruct; and Philosophers, at least political ones, are usually mere Theorists. The common sense of the early Colonists of New England saw farther into political subjects, those at least, which are of great importance to human happiness, than all the Philosophers, who have written since the world began.

L. 225. Nothing can be more visionary, than many modern Philosophic opinions, concerning government. All human systems, respecting practical subjects, unless derived from facts, will ever be visionary, and deserve to be claded with substantial forms, subtil matter, and atomic tendency to exertion. Man is wholly unable, by mere contemplation, to bring into his view a number of principles sufficient to constitute a theory, which can consist with practice. One would imagine, that the universal fate of hypthetical philosophy must long since have taught ingenious men this obvious truth; but the pleasure of making, and defending, systems, is so great, that such men are still employed in building air-castles, and in seriously expecting to inhabit them.

L. 234. If gentlemen, who are natives of Europe, should think this paragraph harsh, or unfounded, the writer requests them so far to turn their attention to the several facts, mentioned in it, as to satisfy themselves, whether the ascription be just, or erroneous. The natives of Great Britain, particularly, will find, in distinguished writers of that country, descriptions of British society, warrapping all, that is asserted in this poem: descriptions confirmed, so far, at least, as the author's acquaintance has extended, by those Americans, who have travelled into Britain. *The Task*, one of the most sensible and valuable performances, in the English language, is alone a sufficient justification of no small part of what is here declared.

L. 247. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that the state of society, lately existing in France, should be followed by extensive and ridiculous infidelity; but that such a speech as that said to be uttered, Dec. 1792, by Citizen Dupont, should have been spoken by any man, on any occasion, and before any audience, would hardly have been believed, unless published with high authentication. That it should have been uttered by a man, characterized as a man of weight and influence, is still more astonishing: and that it should have been received, by the Legislative Assembly of a great Nation, with applause, is a fact, which, if it should, unhappily for the honour of human nature, be handed to posterity, will probably be regarded rather as a Provencal legend, than as a reality. Of the like contemptible character are the later declarations of Citizen Lacroix, on the petition of the Quakers and Anabaptists; in which are the following words. "The Constitution is my Gospel, and Liberty is my God. I know no other." These gentlemen appear ambitious of rivalling the character of Aretine, on whose tomb this inscription is said to have been written.

Here lies Aretine,
Who spoke evil of every one,
But his God;
And in this he must be excused,
Because he did not know him.

L. 248. I have seen a memorial, said to be presented to his British Majesty, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, of London;

in which they declare, that within ten years, 4,800 persons had, in that city, been convicted of felony. (a) In New England, which contains more inhabitants than London, it is to be questioned, whether, in any ten years, since it was settled by the English, there have been ten persons convicted of felony. A partial account, for this enormous disproportion, may be found in the mildness of the laws of New England, which are far less sanguinary, than those of Great Britain. It may also be justly observed, that London is a city of enormous wealth, and enormous poverty, and a general receptacle of sharpers and villains from the whole British empire; as well as from several other countries. But it is also to be remembered, that a great proportion of the felons, convicted in New England, are natives of Europe. It is probable, that the subject cannot be explained in any manner, which will not involve, as its principal causes, the very great difference, in the respective places, to be found in the universality of happiness, and in the purity of morals.

L. 267. [See every heart, &c.] The fashions of Europe, especially of Britain and France, suit neither the climate, the convenience, the policy, the property, nor the character, of this country. The changes of climate in this country require modes of dressing very different from those, which are healthful in France and England. The Americans are generally people of business, and, of course, must be greatly and continually incommoded by an adoption of many foreign fashions. Our policy naturally teaches us to reject all servile imitation of the manners of other countries; and all constant imitation is attended with servility. The dignified character of free republicans ought to lead them to despise a perpetual change in the figure of dress; to aim only at such modes as are convenient, and to persevere in them; to shew their independence, in the choice of their own modes, and their ingenuity in the invention of them; and to manifest a total superiority to the miserable frippery of artificial society. In the mean time, our pecuniary circumstances would be advantageously consulted, by the adoption of dress, in all respects such as might well consist with our general mediocrity of wealth. The Friends appear to shew much good sense on this subject.

L. 279. War has existed, in some, or other, of the countries of Europe, 75 years, out of the 92, which have elapsed, since the beginning of the present century; a century boasted of, as the most enlightened, refined, and humane, within the knowledge of mankind. The causes of these wars have, also, been generally such, as ought to cover the authors of them with deep and perpetual infamy.

L. 296. Few objects more demand the attention of men of influence, in this country, than the establishment of national manners. That much may be done, for this purpose, will not, I presume, be questioned. There are but two, or three countries, in the United States, in which the manners have any thing like a general uniformity: the low country of Virginia, the low country of South Carolina, and New England. The manners of Virginia and South Carolina cannot be easily continued, without the continuance of the Negro slavery; an event, which can scarcely be expected. The manners of New England appear to be rapidly spreading through the American republic; the natives of that country being generally

(a) In the Lent circuit (1786) 286 persons were capitally convicted in England; and from 960 to 1000 convicts are now annually transported from that country.

even more tenacious of their manners, when abroad, than when at home. When the enterprize, industry, æconomy, morals, and happiness, of New England, especially of Connecticut, are attentively considered, the patriotic mind will perhaps find much more reason to rejoice in this prospect, than to regret it.

L. 297. [Think whence this weal arose.] The peculiar prosperity of New England in general, and particularly of Massachusetts and Connecticut, undoubtedly arises from the equal division of property, the universal establishment of schools, and their peculiar manner of supporting the gospel.

L. 430. [Ah! knew he but his happiness, &c.] Ah! knew he but his happiness, of men the happiest he, &c.

Thomson.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,

Agricolas!

Virgil Georg. 2.

L. 573. Dan. 12. 13.

NOTES TO PART II.

LINE 1. This part of the poem, though appropriated to the parish of Greenfield, may be considered as a general description of the towns and villages of New England; those only excepted, which are either commercial, new, or situated on a barren soil. Morose and gloomy persons, and perhaps some others, may think the description too highly coloured. Persons of moderation and candour may possibly think otherwise. In its full extent, the writer supposes it applicable to the best inhabitants only; but he believes the number of these to be great: to others he thinks it partially applicable. Poetical representations are usually esteemed flattering; possibly this is as little so, as most of them. The inhabitants of New England, notwithstanding some modern instances of declension, are, at least in the Writer's opinion, a singular example of virtue and happiness.

It will be easily discovered by the reader, that this part of the poem is designed to illustrate the effects of the state of property, which is the counter part to that, so beautifully exhibited by Dr. Goldsmith, in the Deserted Village. That excellent writer, in a most interesting manner, displays the wretched condition of the many, where enormous wealth, splendour, and luxury, constitute the state of the few. In this imperfect attempt, the writer wished to exhibit the blessings, which flow from an equal division of property, and a general competence.

Wherever an *equal division of property* is mentioned, in this Work, the Reader is requested to remember, that that state of things only is intended, in which every citizen is secured in the avails of his industry and prudence, and in which property descends, by law, in equal shares, to the proprietor's children.

- L. 1. Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain! *Goldsmith.*
- L. 12. [The spring bird.] A small bird, called, in some parts of New England, by that name; which appears, very early in the spring, on the banks of brooks and small rivers, and sings a very sweet and sprightly note.
- (4) L. 26. [Slump'd.] This word, said, in England, to be of North Country original, is customarily used in New England, to denote the sudden sinking of the foot in the earth, when partially thawed, as in the month of March. It is also used to denote the sudden sinking of the earth under the foot.
- L. 28. [Nutwood.] Hickory.
- L. 45. And, many a year elapsed, return'd to view.
- L. 49. Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain. *Goldsmith.*
- L. 52. — — — — — The gloss of art. *Goldsmith.*
- L. 68. And parting summer's lingring blooms delayed. *Goldsmith.*
- L. 73. Sweet-smiling village! loveliest of the lawn. *Goldsmith.*
- L. 75. In several parts of this country, the roads through villages are called streets.
- L. 79, and 80. And every want, to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride. *Goldsmith.*
- L. 91, O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree. *Goldsmith.*
- L. 91, &c. Men in middling circumstances appear greatly to excel the rich, in piety, charity, and public spirit; nor will a critical observer of human life hesitate to believe, that they enjoy more happiness.
- L. 145. [Farmer.] Farmer of revenue: A superior kind of tax-gatherer, in some countries of Europe.
- L. 154. By poverty's unconquerable bar. *Beattie.*
- L. 196. [Wain.] Waggon, or cart.
- L. 208. Some interesting and respectable efforts have been made, in Connecticut, and others are now making, for the purpose of freeing the Negroes.
- L. 221. The black children are generally sprightly and ingenious, until they become conscious of their slavery. This usually happens, when they are 4, 5, or 6 years of age. From that time, they usually sink into stupidity, or give themselves up to vice.
- L. 237. If we consider how few inducements the blacks have to ingenious, or worthy efforts, we shall more wonder, that there are, among them, so many, than that there are so few, examples of ingenuity or amiableness.
- L. 244. [Excuses.] Excuses.
- L. 251, 252. [Home, Monboddo.] Two modern philosophers, who have published several ingenious dreams, concerning the first inhabitants of this world.
- L. 285, &c. The facts, alleged in this paragraph, are so generally known, as not to need particular proof.
- L. 295. See the speech of Mr. Brissot, in the National Assembly of France, Dec. 1, 1791. If the authority here quoted, for these particular instances of cruelty, exercised on the unhappy Africans, in the West Indies, should be thought doubtful, the reader may find, in the evidence taken, on this subject, by the Committee of the British House of Commons, an immense number of instances, in which inhumanity, equally reprehensible, has been undoubtedly practised on these unhappy people.

L. 301. Of this fact, I was informed by a gentleman of reputation, who assured me that he had sufficient evidence of its reality.

L. 305. In some of the West India Islands, it is a custom, to send, on Monday morning especially, offending slaves to the docks; each carrying a billet, declaring the transgression, and the number of stripes the offender is to receive, and containing a pistareen to pay for the infliction of them. There the offenders are raised up, successively, by a crane, and stretched by heavy weights, appended to their ancles. In this posture, they are most cruelly tortured by the cowskin, and still more cruelly, it is said, by a briar, called ebony; which is used to let out the blood, where it has been started by the whip.

L. 368. The Academical school, mentioned in the preface.

L. 473, 474. No more thy glassy brook reflects the day:

But, choked with sedges, works it's weedy way:

Goldsmith.

L. 476. The red-breast of America is a remarkably sweet singer.

L. 478. The house, here referred to, stands at some distance from the road.

L. 524. Prov. 31. 11.

L. 532. Prov. 31. 28.

L. 538. Deut. 24. 15.

L. 552. Mrs. Eleanor Sherwood, the excellent person, whose character has been given above, died of the small pox, March 29, 1793; sometime after this character was given.

L. 589. Pier. A looking glass; from it's place, and afterwards from a particular structure, called a pier-glass.

Ibid. All persons declare formal visiting to be unpleasing and burthensome, and familiar visiting to be pleasing; yet multitudes spend no small part of their lives, in formal visiting, and consider themselves as being under a species of obligation to it. In formal visiting, persons go to be seen; in social visiting, to give and to receive, pleasure. If common sense were allowed to dictate, or genuine good breeding to influence, we should immediately exchange form and parade, for sociality and happiness.

L. 617. I do not remember ever to have seen a lady, in full dress, who appeared to be so happy, or to behave so easily, and gracefully, as when she was moderately dressed. An unusual degree of dress seems uniformly to inspire formality, distance, and difficulty of behaviour. Toil, taste, and fancy, are put to exertion, to contrive, and to adjust, the dress, which is expected highly to ornament the person; and the same exertion, appears to be used in contriving, and fashioning, manners, which may become the dress.

L. 712. [Asian sea.] Pacific ocean.

L. 720. [Korean.] Korea is a large peninsula on the eastern shore of Asia.

L. 731. [Albion.] New Albion; a very desirable country, on the western shore of America, discovered by Sir Francis Drake.

L. 735. [Mexic hills.] A range of mountains, running from north to south, at the distance of several hundred miles, westward of the Mississippi;

L. 736. [Louis.] The Mississippi. [Sicilian song.] Pastoral poetry.

NOTES TO PART III.

LINE 15. On the plain, on which Fairfield is built, are several eminences of uncommon beauty.

L. 115. There were several acts of gross abuse, and of savage barbarity, practised by the British, when they burned Fairfield.

L. 143. That inferiors, in subordination, are bound to obey all, even the unjust and immoral commands of their superiors, and that the inferior is, in this conduct, justifiable, and the superior alone guilty, is still not unfrequently asserted, and therefore probably believed. When it shall be right to do evil, that good may come, when crimes and virtuous actions, with the guilt, and the merit, of them shall become transferable, when man shall cease to be accountable to his MAKER, and when God shall no more rule, with rightful authority, over his own creatures, this doctrine will probably rest on a more solid basis.

L. 181. None of the numerous and horrid evils of war is more wanton, more useless, and more indicative of the worst character, than burning. No nation, by which it is either allowed, or done, ought to make a claim to humanity, or civilization.

L. 231. There was a heavy thunder storm, on the night, in which Fairfield was burned; yet such was the confusion and distress of the remaining inhabitants, that several of them did not perceive it.

L. 168. From Fairfield, the British proceeded to Norwalk; which they burned, the next day. It deserves to be remembered, that, during the conflagration, Governor Tryon had a chair carried to the top of an eminence, in that town, called Grummon's hill; and there, at his ease, enjoyed the prospect, and the pleasure, of the scene. Two churches, 135 dwelling houses, with a proportional number of other buildings, were destroyed, at Norwalk. Eight other towns, in the United States, experienced the same fate; and while immense evil was done to the inhabitants, no benefit accrued, as none plainly could accrue, to their enemies.

L. 365. It is probable, that more of human labour, ingenuity, and property, has been expended in the various business of destruction, than in all the arts, by which peace and happiness have been promoted.

L. 405. Every person, acquainted with the history of the Romans, knows that the temple of Janus was shut, whenever they were in a state of peace, and that this happened but twice, during the first 750 years of their national existence. Mankind in general have been engaged in war, with almost as little intermission.

It would be worth the labour of some friend to mankind, to present the public with a complete view of the time, during which war has existed in Europe, since the destruction of the Roman empire; the number of nations concerned in each war; the sums expended; the debts incurred; the soldiers, sailors, and citizens, destroyed; the cities, towns, and villages, burnt, plundered, and ruined; the miseries, known to be suffered; the most probable causes of the respective wars; and the gain resulting to the respective combatants. Those, who have access to large libraries, would probably find, in them, much of the information, necessary to a design of this nature.

L. 487. The injury, done by war, to the morals of a country, is inferior to none of the evils, which it suffers. A century is insufficient to repair the moral waste of a short war.

L. 553. [Go then, ah go.] It is probable, that whenever mankind shall cease to make war, this most desirable event will arise from the general opposition, made to war, by the common voice. Hence the peculiar importance of diffusing this opposition, as widely as possible, especially by education. If parents, school-masters, and clergymen, would unite their efforts, for this most benevolent and glorious purpose, the effects of such an union, on the rising generation, would probably exceed the most sanguine hopes.

L. 601. Some of the fixed stars are, from evident alterations in their appearance, called changeable stars. The star, Aegol, or Medusa's head, is a remarkable one; and changes, from the first, to the fourth magnitude.

L. 659. The custom of privateering is one of the reliques of Gothic barbarity. No good reason can be given, why commissions, to plunder and destroy houses, should not be given to private persons, as well as to plunder and destroy vessels; to rob on the land, as well as on the sea; and why such persons, as resisted, should not be put to death, in the one case, as well as in the other. Custom, it is presumed, is the only ground of any difference of opinion, with regard to the cases proposed. All privateering is robbery, and murder; and the government, which sanctions privateering, is guilty of authorizing these horrid crimes. Nor can the merchant, who is the proprietor, be excused from his share in the guilt.

NOTES TO PART IV.

LINE 8, 9. Rev. 18. 7.

L. 10, &c. Dan. 2, 31, &c. 37, &c.

L. 14. [Timur.] Tamerlane, a Samarcand Tartar; who, in a short time, conquered what is now called Turkey in Asia, Persia, and India; together with several parts of Russia, and Tartary: the whole being an extent of territory larger than the Roman empire.

L. 38. [Demon chiefs.] Demons, according to the opinions of the ancient heathens, were beings of a middle character, between gods and men. The souls of departed heroes were ranked in this class of beings.

L. 43. [Trident.] The fabled sceptre of Neptune, the heathen god of the sea.

L. 118. [Sere.] Furrowed, wrinkled.

L. 131. The heroism, exhibited by our ancestors, in their wars with the Indians, and the patriotism, generally displayed, in their public conduct, have scarcely been excelled.

L. 180. The Indians of this country appear generally to have worshipped an evil dæmon, with a hope of averting his ill offices. This deity was however esteemed inferior to the Great or Good Spirit.

L. 186. Sacrifices of this nature are, at the present time, said to be offered by the Senecas.

L. 190. The Pequods used a religious dance, accompanied with songs, which they performed in a small circular spot, resembling the circus of the ancient Romans.

L. 191. [Thyas.] The priestess of Bacchus. [Nyfa.] A city in India, said to be built by Bacchus, in which his worship was especially celebrated.

L. 224. The Indians have generally supposed the future world of happiness to lie in the western regions. The reason seems to be the same with that, which induces the Negroes to believe the happy world situated in Africa; viz. that it was the country, whence they originated. A similar opinion appears to have existed among several, perhaps most, ignorant colonists, for some time, after their emigration.

L. 269. [Sheen.] Brightness.

L. 298. [Elliot, Mayhew.] These excellent men have proved, beyond dispute, that the Indians may be civilized, and christianized, by proper efforts. Their Apostolic piety ought to be remembered, with perpetual honour; and well deserves a public monument, from the State, of which they were ornaments, as well as citizens.

L. 307. The greatest obstacle to christianizing the Indians is now, as it has usually been, their rivetted persuasion, that the British Colonists, in all their correspondence with them, have aimed at their own benefit, not at the benefit of the Indians; at the acquisition of their lands, not at the salvation of their souls: a persuasion founded on too unequivocal and shameful proof. So long as those, who trade with them, are allowed to poison them by all the means of corruption, virtuous men can only regret their miserable condition. It is to be hoped, that the late act of Congress, regulating our correspondence with the Indians, together with several other humane and just measures of the same nature, measures which reflect the highest honour on that Body, will, in a good degree, remove these evils.

L. 311. [India's curse.] Rum.

L. 351. The French settlers of Canada took unceasing and immense pains, to induce the Indians to quarrel with the English Colonists. To this conduct they were influenced not less by religious motives, than by those of policy, and by what has been called national enmity.

L. 362. The hill, to which the Pequods retired, has the appearance of being artificial.

L. 394. The heroism, celebrated by Homer, Virgil, and other Greek and Latin Poets, principally consisted of feats of personal prowess, and the conduct of small parties. Such was the gallantry of the first American Colonists.

NOTES TO PART V.

- L. 21. [Western Albion.] N. England.
 L. 79. Moses. See the book of Deuteronomy.
 L. 80. Joshua. See Josh. 23. 24.
 L. 109. Mat. 16. 26.
 L. 123. Luke 12. 20.
 L. 137. Mat. 7. 14.
 L. 164. Rev. 22. 17.
 L. 169. Mat. 7. 13.
 L. 176. Mat. 15. 14.
 L. 208. 1 Cor. 15. 20;
 L. 210. Phil. 2. 9.
 L. 254. John 7. 46.
 L. 319. Rom. 8. 28.
 L. 283. Gen. 8. 22.
 L. 294. Rom. 13. 4.
 L. 313. Cant. 2. 10.
 L. 329. Lovely penitent arise.
 L. 356. 1 Thess. 2. 19.

More.

NOTES TO PART VI.

PREFATORY NOTE I.

THIS part of the poem, though designed, in a degree, for persons in most employments of life, is immediately addressed to Farmers. As almost all the inhabitants of Greenfield, and of New England, are farmers, it was supposed by the writer, that this circumstance naturally directed to such an address.

L. 63. [Lawrence.] A proverbial name, in some parts of New England, for a lazy person.

L. 148. [Fit the ground.] A customary phrase, in some parts of New England, to denote the preparatory cultivation of a field, which is to be sown.

L. 270. It is customary, in New England, when property is taken by distress, to advertise the sale of it upon a post, erected for that purpose.

L. 289. [The first of May.] The day, on which accounts are usually adjusted, and pecuniary obligations discharged, in the state of New-York.

L. 297. For more than twenty years, the writer of this poem has been employed in the business of education, and, in that time, has had, in a greater or less degree, the superintendence of almost a thousand young persons, of both sexes. Almost all the sentiments here expressed, concerning the instruction, government, and habituation, of children, he has seen often proved to be just, through the whole course of this extensive experience. He is induced to these observations by a full, experimental conviction of the entirely theoretical and visionary nature of several modern opinions on the subject; opinions, published by men, of genius indeed, but wholly inexperienced in education; men who educate children on paper, as a geometrician circumnavigates the globe, in half a dozen spherical triangles. On some future occasion, he may, perhaps, take the liberty to offer to the public some further sentiments, on this copious and very interesting subject. In the mean time, he believes, that these may be safely adopted by such, as have not acquired more extensive information, and for such only are they designed.

L. 447. No principle of action will usually be of any service to children, unless it be made habitual.

L. 451. I believe, that there are very few children, who might not be rendered amiable and worthy, if their parents would begin their efforts in season, and continue them steadily, without yielding to either sloth, or discouragement.

L. 471. In most places in New England, the parish bell is rung, at 9 o'clock, in the evening: a custom, which has more influence in promoting good order, than a slight observer would imagine.

L. 531. There are many social libraries in Connecticut; and the number is fast increasing. This is visibly one of the best means of diffusing knowledge. If the proprietors of each would tax themselves a small sum yearly, they would soon be able to procure a sufficient number of books, to answer every valuable purpose of such an institution.

L. 567. I once knew a farmer, who steadily did what was called a good day's-work, and yet employed several hours, every day, in reading.

L. 570. Several of the most useful and respectable men, in America, were privately educated; and some of them, with very small advantages.

L. 637. [A townsman.] In New England, the prudentials of each town are commonly placed under the direction of a small number of men, chosen for that purpose, and called indifferently selectmen or townsmen.

L. 638. A representative; Vulgarly called a member of the house.

NOTES TO PART VII.

LINE 11. 12. The visions of the morning were anciently thought to be peculiarly prophetic.

L. 42. [Thames.] The river which empties into the sound at New London.

L. 43. [Tempe.] A beautiful valley in Thessaly. [Connecta.] Connecticut river, which, almost through its whole course, waters a very fruitful and delightful valley.

L. 45. [Avon.] Housatonuck, or, as it ought to be written, Hoochestonuck, or Stratford river.

L. 96. Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Horace.

L. 105. The great objects of nature are, in America, visibly formed on a scale, superior to what is found elsewhere. Mountains, lakes, plains, cataracts, &c. exist in America, which are wholly unequalled by any, on the Eastern continent.

L. 113. 114. The Inconveniencies, arising from the extremes of heat and cold, in N. America, are abundantly compensated by the great variety and richness of its productions. The two harvests, of European grain, and Indian corn (one of which is almost always a plentiful one) will probably hereafter, as they have done heretofore, ever forbid even a scarcity of the necessaries of life.

125. The foundation of all equal liberty is the natural and equal descent of property to all the children of the proprietor. Republics cannot long exist, but upon this basis.

L. 145. A very unequal division of property appears ever to have had very baneful effects on the general happiness of mankind. A great part of the prosperity of Great Britain may be attributed to the inroads made by Henry VII. upon the entailment of estates.

L. 150. Prov. 30. 8, 9.

L. 154. Luke 18. 2.

L. 162. Irreligion and superstition are equally consequences of great wealth, ignorance, and power, in persons of different characters.

L. 165, 166. The vassals, or lowest class of people, were, anciently, in most European countries, and are, at the present time, in some, sold with the soil.

L. 176. Prov. 30. 9.

L. 183. [Vitellius.] A luxurious emperor of Rome, who had, served up for him at one meal, 2000 fish, and 7000 fowl.

L. 192. [Stanislaus.] The present king of Poland. The fate of this prince is exceedingly to be lamented. Having, in a most dignified manner, made his country free, and laid a most desirable foundation for it's future happiness, he was frustrated, in the noblest of attempts, by the interference of injustice and tyranny.

L. 204. Matt. 25. 40.

L. 251. In the United States, the world has, for the first time, seen a nation establishing, dissolving, and renewing, its system of government, with as much peace, order, and coolness of deliberation, as commonly appear in the customary business of a legislature.

L. 282. Rev. 21. 25.

L. 367. [Calm Main] Pacific ocean.

L. 368. [Hudson.] Hudson's bay.

L. 378. By the laws of Great Britain, one hundred and sixty different sorts of human actions are punishable with death.

Blackstone's Com.

This fact is a dreadful instance of the astonishing power of established custom, and hereditary opinion: for the nation in which it is found, is unquestionably the most enlightened and respectable, in Europe.

Since Blackstone wrote, Capel Loft estimates the number of felonies, without benefit of Clergy, at 176; and of felonies with Clergy, at 65.—Of those, who were executed, the Solicitor General declares, that 18 out of 20 do not exceed 20 years of age.

L. 386. It has not yet been proved, that the punishment of death can, with either justice, or policy, be inflicted for any other crime, beside murder. From the few experiments, which have been made, solitary confinement appears to be as much more effectual as it is more humane.

The present penal system of Pennsylvania well deserves the respect and the adoption of every Government. To the original authors of this system, among whom several of the Friends claim a particular distinction, the highest honour is due. See, on this subject, *An Enquiry how far the punishment of Death is necessary, in Pennsylvania.* By William Bradford, esq. And an *Account of the Alteration, and present State, of the penal Laws, in Pennsylvania; of the Gaol, &c.* By Caleb Lowmes.

L. 395, 396. Acts 12. 8. 9.

L. 401. It seems not a little surprising, that almost the whole business of distributive government should, hitherto, have been to punish.

L. 413—416. There is no country, in which law has a more decided, (and if I may be allowed the expression) despotic power, than in Connecticut. Yet this power rests wholly on that general information of the people at large; from which they derive full conviction, that government is necessary to the existence, and to the continuance, of all their happiness.

L. 425. In the sword of the constellation, Orion, there is a place, which appears like a window in the sky; through which the eye apparently penetrating sees, in telescopes of high powers, a more glorious region, than has been elsewhere discovered; a region in which perpetual day seems to shine with singular splendour.

L. 482. [Indian Wind.] The hurricane.

L. 499, 500. "Curs'd be the verse, how well so'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear." *Pope.*

A person of delicacy, and virtue, is naturally led to wonder, that a man of such talents, as Mr. Pope possessed, and entertaining the very just sentiments, expressed in these finished lines, should have written, published, and left to be handed down to posterity, a great number of verses, which he has actually written, and published. In his *Rape of the Lock*, there are several lines plainly indelicate, and some grossly obscene. In his *Eloisa to Abelard*, the sentiments are, in some instances, gross and noxious. Yet these are his first performances. His *Moral Essays* (particularly the second) trespass, at times, against truth, justice and decency. The same is too often true of his satires. The *Dunciad* is, in several places, a severer satire on the author, than on the objects of his resentment: not to mention several of his smaller imitations of other poets, and the hideous volume, published as a supplement to his acknowledged works.

No Writer ought ever to publish a sentiment, or expression (unless when some scientific, or other important purpose necessitates it) which cannot be read, in a mixed company, of Ladies and Gentlemen, without giving pain to the most refined and delicate mind.

L. 501, 502. And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison's remains. *Pope.*

The drummer of Mr. Addison offends, not unfrequently, against decency. There are also, in his other works, a few passages, which one could wish had been expunged. These facts are a proof of unhappy yielding to the taste of his times, in a man, who was an ornament to human nature.

L. 503. It is not a little injurious to the honour of human nature, that the elegant arts of Poetry, Painting, and Music, have, in Europe, been so often prostituted to the celebration of vile characters, to the display of subjects and sentiments gross and pernicious, and to the commemoration of facts, which deeply stain the name of man.

L. 535. Infidel philosophers frequently impeach, and affect to despise, the evidence of testimony. Yet their own reasonings are generally attended with evidence, and most usually founded on evidence, which, in clearness and strength, is far inferior to that of testimony: a great part of their sentiments being mere and trifling hypotheses.

L. 565. Warton, in his Essay on the genius and writings of Pope, observes, that mediocrity is the situation, most favourable to the exertions of genius. It is also the situation, evidently most friendly to national, and individual, virtue and happiness.

L. 583. There is something singularly unhappy in the attempts of the Americans to imitate the burthenfome ostentation of Europe. Americans are not, and probably will not soon be, sufficiently acquainted with the round of European form, and etiquette, to adopt it with either skill, or grace. At the same time, we have not, and, without entailments, never shall in any great number of instances have, wealth sufficient to support the necessary expense.

Common Sense, Philosophy, and Religion, alike condemn such manners, in every instance, and view them, as the painful efforts of folly to lift itself into respectability. The plain manners of Republicans, incomparably less burthenfome, and more graceful and pleasing, are our own native manners: such manners, as made the Gaul esteem the Roman senate an assembly of gods; and the courtier Cincas consider the citizens of Rome, as a collection of kings.

Sensible travellers, whose manners are generally viewed as more finished, and pleasing, than any other, appear usually to acquire a contempt, and dislike, of ceremony, and to adopt a plainer behaviour, than most other men of breeding. A persevering adoption of plain manners, by men of influence, would give them a general and lasting sanction; and prove of more real benefit to the present, and future, inhabitants of America, than renowned victories, or immense acquisitions of territory.

It may, perhaps, be said, as it often has been said, though with neither discernment, nor truth, that parade is necessary to give energy to law, and dignity to government. It may be answered, that no laws have greater energy, and no government was ever more respected, than those of Connecticut have usually been, for more than 150 years. Yet in Connecticut, parade is unknown in practice, and despised by the universal opinion.—The truth is, people of mere common sense, and uneducated to ceremony, always despise it: its introduction, therefore, is always owing to the vanity, and weakness, of men in superior stations, or ranks, of life.

L. 597. There is reason to believe, that the women, in New England, in all that renders the female character respectable, and lovely, are inferior to none, in the world. They blend the useful, and the pleasing, the refined, and the excellent, into a most delightful, and dignified union; and

well deserve, from the other sex, that high regard, and polite attention, which form a very respectable branch of our national manners.

L. 657. One of the greatest improvements, which the present age has made, in the progress of society, is the public diminution of military glory, and the elevation of character, acquired by benevolence. Thus Howard is a name more celebrated, than Cæsar, or Marlborough.

F I N I S.

THE READER IS REQUESTED TO CORRECT THE
FOLLOWING ERRORS.

P. I.	Line	for	read		558	the	thy
	95	wakes	awakes		P. IV. Arg. L. 9.	for tribes	tribe
	172	very	every		2	towards	toward
	176	commands	commends		9	sorrow	sorrow
	241	his	the		90	sernuk	serunk
	288	Bloated	Eloated		163	clouds	cloud
	411	talk	task		176	around	around,
	543	after day dele,			177	strew'd	strow'd
P. II.	L.	for	read		187	strew'd	strow'd
	162	beggars,	beggars'		210	in	on
	129	sucking	suckling		291	aspect,	aspect
	390	hardy	hardly		297	GODHEAD,	GODHEAD
	644	e'er	o'er		P. V. L. 12.	others	others'
	670	dun	fad		137	strait	straight
	717	Commerce,	Commerce'		P. VI. L. 176	the	a
	736	murmurs	murmur		215	wood's	woods
P. III.	Argument. last Line dele and				247	garden	gardens
	L.	for	read		372	minister'd	minister'd,
	171	softer	softest		381	parents	parent's
	221	wary	wavy		452	leaves	leaves
	412	ocean	ocean's		P. VII. L. 186.	crofe	corfe
	531	haunt	bunt		241	fabric	fabrics
	542	invok'd	invok'd,				

